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Vol. II.

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YOUNG JACK HARKAWAY AND HIS BOY TINKER



“Halloo!” cried Harry, rushing up; “that’s a nice way of fighting. Drop that, you scamp!” He seized Mr. Chivey by the collar and dragged him off, and then he kicked him viciously in the rear.

YOUNG JACK HARKAWAY

— AND —

HIS BOY TINKER.

CHAPTER I.

YOUNG JACK ON THE MOVE AGAIN—HIS PROSPECTS.

"WHAT, Jack, leave us and go on your travels alone?"

"Yes, sir."

"Sir," said his father, in surprise; "you are on your dignity about something, I should think, Jack."

"No—no, dad," said young Jack, quickly, "it is not that. All I want is to cut out a path for myself—to be self-reliant like my father before me."

"But your father before you needed to be self-reliant; he was poor in starting life, Jack. You have no need to be anything of the kind, seeing that I have all that is wanted to make you comfortable."

"I know that, dad," replied his son, "but I don't like the idea of feeling dependent even upon you."

"I can't quarrel with the feeling, Jack," said his father, "but I must object to your restlessness, no matter what the cause of it."

"It is not restlessness, dad, that prompts me to be off on my own fortunes. The desire is only prompted by the hope of doing for myself."

"The fact is," said old Jack, shaking his head, "that you are suffering, my boy, from the old Harkaway disease."

"What's that?"

"Restlessness," replied his father. "And so you want to go to sea."

"Yes, dad," responded young Jack; "since you put it so, I want to go to sea."

"Alone?"

"Not quite."

"Harry Girdwood would accompany you?"

"Yes."

Harry faced Harkaway senior, his face flushed.

"I shall go where Jack goes," he said, "even to the world's end."

Old Jack pressed his hand in silence.

"The greatest thing of all to Mr. Harvey and myself," he said, "was the mutual support we were to each other. A staunch comrade at your back will pull you through many a difficulty."

"So I feel, dad," replied young Jack, "and that's why I hope Harry will go with me wherever I go."

"You do?" said old Jack. "Well, then I will see what can be done for you both."

So having reconciled himself to young Jack's wish, he set to work to further his boy's views.

A friend introduced him to the owner of a ship that was just going to sail for the west coast of Africa, and Mr. Harkaway (how strange it seems to speak of old Jack in that formal manner) used his influence to secure the two boys' appointments on board.

This was easily accomplished.

Harkaway had an idea, somehow, that at the eleventh hour, young Jack would repent of his resolution, and cave in.

We shall see how far he was right presently.

The two places for the boys being secured, Harkaway wrote to them from Portsmouth to come down at once to be introduced to the captain and owner. This led to a general migration of the Harkaway family and friends.

A house was taken in the outskirts of the town, with accommodation for them all, including their numerous retinue.

And here for a while they took up their abode.

CHAPTER II.

TINKER'S MYSTERY—HOW HIS VALET APPEARED ON THE SCENE—BOGEY MAKES HIS BOW.

PRIOR, however, to the incident just narrated, it became known that there was something strange going on in connection with the black boy, Tinker.

Tinker had grown singularly mysterious.

He had been watched, and then came a report that he had often carried off food.

"He thinks there is going to be a famine," remarked young Jack.

But this did not satisfactorily explain it.

Sunday, however, solved the mystery.

"He's got some sort of animal to feed downstairs."

"What is it?" asked young Jack, "a coon?"

"No, 'tisn't that," replied Sunday; "we'll have it up, and you shall see for yourselves." So down he went with orders to Tinker.

The people up-stairs could hardly restrain their impatience while Tinker made his preparations.

However, at length Tinker came in alone.

"Halloo, Tinker!" cried the boys, "where's the animal?"

Tinker bowed, much in the way of a ringmaster at a circus.

"De splendid animile is comin'," he said, gravely.

Tinker carried a whalebone whip in his hand, which added to the ringmaster appearance alluded to, and with this whip he signalled the animile to approach.

"Bogey."

"Oh, yah—yah," yelled something unearthly outside.

And then the door opened, and a nigger boy bounded into the room.

He tripped up over the woolen mat at the door, and sprawled, but turned over onto his feet with the agility of an acrobat.

But the impetus with which he had regained his feet sent him over the mark, and down he went, bounding up, for the second time, like an India rubber ball.

And now the party had time to examine him.

The negro was a boy a little younger than Tinker and not quite so tall.

His mouth was huge, even for a darkey.

Tinker had rigged him up in a novel kind of livery, composed of a variety of second-hand garments, which he had purchased at a marine store dealer's.

He wore a militiaman's coat, with a pair of huge epaulettes on the shoulders, that could only have belonged to an officer in a Christmas pantomime, an old cowhide waist coat, and a pair of real footman's plush breeches.

The boots had been Tinker's chief difficulty, for his protege's feet were of abnormal dimensions.

But he had managed to find a pair of shoes that had been owned in their better days by a celebrated performing giant, and this completed the nigger-boy's rig-out.

"Now, dear Bogey," said Tinker, giving him a gentle flip with his whip, "just make your bow to de company."

Bogey smiled—he had a deafening smile—and jerking his body forward, he scraped his right shoe back in making his obeisance.

"Drop that!" cried Sunday, rushing at him. "You'll spile the carpet, you black imp."

"He could use up a carpet a day," said young Jack, grinning.

"Ladies an' gemmen," began Tinker, who meant a speech.

"He—he—he, yah!" smiled the new nigger, in rather a loud voice.

"You iggorant beast," said Tinker, flicking him with the whip. "What you grinnin' like a cantankerous old dam Cheshire cat for?"

"Case," explained Bogey, showing his ivories in an alarming manner, "case you says ladies and gemmen, and dere ain't no gals."

This set the company generally off upon the giggle.

"Bery good, sar," said Tinker, eying his subordinate severely, "bery good, sar. Gemmen, fellers an' pussons, dis black nigger, Bogey, as I calls him, I brought ovar wid me jes' as a kinder speeches o' walley, jes' to look after me, and 'tend to de little wants of dis good-looking child."

"Ur—ur—ur—ur, yah!" grinned Tinker's valley. "You beastly ugly, Master Tinker."

"Take dat," said Tinker.

He got it, too, in the shape of a crack on the head with the whalebone whip.

"So you've got a valet, Tinker?" said Harvey.

"Yes, sar."

"And what do you want with a valet, pray?"

Tinker drew himself up to his full height.

"My walley, sar, am to look arter my own pussonal wants, sar; dat's de use of my walley. Take that for larfin', you nigger beast."

Bogey got it again.

"Tell us where you picked up our friend Bogey," said young Jack.

"Bress my 'art," returned Tinker, with a supercilious air, "don't you know dat, Massa Jack? You don't know nuffin'. Why, I took de poor debil 'case he belonged to dat cantankerous dam willin', Capen Mordin, an' when we kill all de lot, dis poor dam ugly critter hab no grub, an' nowheres to look for any. He was so bressdin' fin dat I took him for a skillington, an' dat's why I called him Bogey, 'case he frightened me so."

"So you adopted him at once?" inquired young Jack.

Tinker nodded in a condescending manner.

"Dat's it; I took de bressdin' nigger into my service, an' feed him on de fat ob de land, sar. Don't I, Bogey?"

"Yah, ah, ha!" grinned Bogey, "fat ob de land—dat's it. You don't gib too much lean."

"Iggerant beast," said Tinker, with lofty disdain; "follow dis clebber child, and don't make a row."

"That is Mr. Harkaway's bell, Sunday," said Monday, as he sat roasting his knees before the fire in the servant's hall.

"So it is," says Sunday. "D'ye hear dat bell, Tinker?"

"De gub'nor's bell!" murmurs Tinker with all the repose and languor of a Belgravian flunkey. "Bogey, you nigger, do you hear dat bell?"

"Yes."

"Well, go, if you hear dat bell, you ebony cuss!"

"Oh, yes, Massa Tinker," replies Bogey, grinning so as to show a sectional view of his throat; "but I thought you was all a-gwine at oncen, yah—yah—yah!"

And Bogey tumbled head over heels out of the room.

CHAPTER III.

AT PORTSMOUTH—MR. HARKAWAY'S DOUBTS—THE GOOD SHIOPOWNER.

THAT is how the Harkaway party became increased by one important retainer, the funny nigger boy, Bogey—Mr. Tinker's valet, if you please.

Well, Bogey soon got to be a great favorite, and a general source of amusement all around, so that when the Portsmouth trip was mooted, nothing would do for young Jack but his boy, Tinker and Bogey should go.

The shipowner was a bland, agreeable gentleman, with soft persuasive manners, and a voice to match.

Young Jack soon got on the right side of him, also.

Mr. Murray—for that was his name—had a clerical look, and was generally taken for a parson, as he wore a white choker, and a pair of gold-rimmed spectacles.

Young Jack, who was not wanting in brass, put it to Mr. Murray that they would like to take his boys Tinker and Bogey with him.

"Well, Master Harkaway," said the benevolent old gentleman, smiling, "it is not exactly usual for youngsters like you to take a bodyguard on board, but I suppose I shall have to say yes. Are they good sailors?"

"They are pretty well up in the duties aboard ship," returned young Jack; "they made the voyage home from Australia with us."

This was settled.

"I shall be able to introduce you to your new captain to-morrow," said Mr. Murray.

"A good seaman, you say?" remarked old Jack.

"Captain Jem Robinson, Mr. Harkaway," returned the shipowner, "is not only every inch a sailor, but he is a good man—a Christian, sir—a disciplinarian, but right, sir."

"I'm glad to hear it; I like my boys to be with a man who knows his duty and does it."

"You are fortunate, Mr. Harkaway," said the shipowner, warmly, "in having such a captain for your boys."

"I'm glad of that."

"Ah, sir," pursued Mr. Murray, "Captain Jem Robinson is the very man of all others that I should like my own boy to go under."

"You have a son?"

"Yes."

"Has he any fancy for the sea?"

"No, I wished him to go out in the *Albatross*. I pressed the matter, in fact, when I heard of your young gentleman at first; but my boy is not a good, docile lad like yours."

"No—no; my boy is self-willed and fast,

my dear sir—very fast, I regret to say. In fact, a boy that is as used up and *blase* as most fast men of forty."

"It's a thousand pities," said Harkaway; "why, a trip with such a man as Captain Robinson would work a radical cure."

"So I feel," returned Mr. Murray, with a sigh; "but I've tried and tried and tried until I am tired. The *Albatross* is such a splendid ship."

"Safe as one of the P. and O. line, I am told."

"Quite," replied the shipowner.

"The underwriters must seek your custom, Mr. Murray?"

"I don't insure," replied the shipowner, quickly.

"Not insure?"

"No."

"How is that?"

"As I have a great number of vessels, you see, I have an insurance fund of my own, and up to the present, I have been so very fortunate with my ships, that if I did meet with losses, I should be covered for a very considerable sum out of what I have saved by not insuring my ships."

"I see."

And in truth, old Jack felt precious comfortable to think that since his boys—for Harry Girdwood was but one degreee less dear to him than his own son—were bent upon leaving him, they were at least going in good company, and in as stout and as staunch a ship as there was afloat.

So everybody said.

They had not seen the *Albatross* as yet.

But what of that?

"He insures his own vessel," said Harkaway to all his friends and companions; "that's something like confidence, eh?"

And they were agreed all upon this point.

* * * * *

"I don't like him."

"Prejudice, my dear," said Jack. "Prejudice."

"Why?"

"I don't know. But I always feel when I look at him much the same as I do when I look at an undertaker."

"That's because of his white choker," said old Jack.

"No—no," said Mrs. Harkaway. "He is an oily-tongued old rascal, Jack."

"Emily," exclaimed her husband, rather angrily.

"Object to the expression if you like," said Mrs. Harkaway; "I can't help it. Depend upon it that anything we have to do with old Murray will lead to no good, neither to you nor I, nor to our Jack and Harry."

Old Jack turned away impatiently at this.

"Jack," said Mrs. Harkaway, seriously, "do you know what you have often said to me scores and scores of times?"

"No."

"Yes, you do. You have often told me that I am as good as a witch—and my life upon it—this old Murray is a hypocrite."

"Why, what on earth would you do, then?"

"Give up all dealings with him."

"Impossible. Consider how far we have gone in the business?"

"What of that?"

"Everything of that. You can't for a mere whim or fancy throw up a whole negotiation. It would not be treating Mr. Murray fairly. Besides, ask Jack and Harry what they would do?"

And so the little argument ended.

Mrs. Harkaway was silenced, at any rate.

But was she convinced?

No.

A silent, inward voice persisted in whispering warnings anent the *Albatross* and the venerable owner.

CHAPTER IV.

LITTLE EMILY AND PAQUITA—A STARTLING ADVENTURE—YOUNG JACK TO THE RESCUE—THE YOUTHFUL SWELL AND HIS FAST TIGER—A TUSSLE AND WHAT CAME OF IT.

WHILE Mrs. Harkaway was filled with solicitude about her boy and his companion, Harry Girdwood, little Emily and Paquita met with an adventure which may as well be narrated, as it bears directly upon the future of the chief personages in this portion of our history.

Little Emily—we call her so to distinguish her from Mrs. Harkaway; in reality, she was fast losing the right to the diminutive distinction—and Paquita were rambling out of the town to catch a glimpse of the country, and dis-

cussing the prospects of their two youthful admirers, young Jack and Harry Girdwood, when the adventure alluded to occurred.

"I wish they had never got such a silly notion in their heads," said Paquita, who spoke perfect English now, but with the prettiest accent in the world.

"They are rolling stones," sighed little Emily.

"I can't think what possesses Harry to go."

"I can," said Emily.

"What?"

"Because he is tarred with the same brush as my father and Mr. Harkaway. They are ever on the move, never satisfied to be settled down in one place."

"So it is with Jack," said Paquita; "but Harry only goes because he won't desert his comrade."

"Do you think that they will be likely to come this way?" demanded Emily.

"I think it is very likely."

"Why?"

"I mentioned that we thought of strolling this way."

"Oh!"

"Ahem!"

As these young ladies reached this period of their promenade and of their conversation, they perceived two young fellows advancing towards them from the opposite direction.

They only caught a casual glance at them, and taking it for granted that they were Harry Girdwood and young Jack, they at once stopped short.

But they were both mistaken about the persons coming along.

One was a rakish-looking youth, who bore some appearance of having dined very recently and very plenteously.

His cheeks were flushed with wine, and his eyes full of mischief.

Beside him walked a young fellow of about his own age, dressed in a tiger's livery.

Thus their relative positions were shown.

"Two luscious gals, sir," said the tiger, touching his hat, and pointing to Emily and Paquita.

"Swell," returned the master, sententiously.

"Right in our course, too," said the tiger, with a leer.

"So they are, Chivey," said his master; "so we'll teach 'em to take up all the room, eh?"

On they came behind the unsuspecting girls.

"Well, my pretty darling, where are you going?"

And the inebriated young gentleman threw his arm around Emily's neck, and kissed her.

Like master, like man.

Tiger Chivey placed his arm around Paquita's waist, and squeezed it.

"Hah!" screamed Emily, thinking it was Jack, "how dare you?"

She was mistaken; but Paquita caught a glimpse of her tormentor, and swinging herself around, she dealt him a spanking box on the ear that gave Mr. Chivey the news-bell for an hour or so.

"My dear," began the young gentleman, "give us another."

And the young scamp endeavored to kiss Emily again.

"Let me go!" cried Emily, indignantly.

"Not if I know it, my pretty dear."

Emily shrieked as he pressed her "closer in his arms, and kissed her again in spite of her struggles.

Suddenly the young gentleman's head was jerked violently back.

A hand at the back of his collar had done it.

He was swung around and sent spinning around and around to find his ignominious level in the middle of the road.

"Halloo, you, sir!" cried Tiger Chivey, squaring up to the newcomer; "drop that game, or look out for your nob."

"Be off, you dog," said young Jack, for he was the opportune performer of thisfeat.

Harry Girdwood was there, and he was not in the humor to stand any nonsense.

He dropped the sprightly tiger a very ugly blow upon his cheek, and following it rapidly up with a second visitation, Mr. Tiger found himself on his back, but he was quickly up again.

Chivey ran to his master's aid, and helped him to scramble to his feet.

"Just hold my coat, Chivey, while I double up that young rough," said his master.

"Yes, sir," said the tiger, quite cheerfully. He had his coat off very promptly, and began squaring up.

Upon these unmistakable signs of warfare the two young ladies grew dreadfully alarmed, and both hung on to young Jack to keep him from getting into mischief.

"Don't go near him, Jack!" exclaimed Emily. "Come home."

"Yes, you shall take him home, my love," said Mr. Chivey, the tiger, "when my guvnor has done with him."

"They'll kill him," cried Emily, in great alarm.

"Not quite," said the tiger, "only spoil his beauty."

"Let go, Em," said young Jack, whose dander was regularly up by now.

"Come home," implored poor Emily. "Oh, do, Jack!"

"Here, Harry," said Jack, "just you go home with the girls, and leave me to correct this fellow."

"They'd better take him home while there's some of him left," said Chivey, compassionately, "or you'll have to pick him up in little pieces."

This nettled Harry Girdwood, so he ran at Chivey, but the latter dodged him nimbly.

"Come—come, this is no place for you, Paquita, nor for you either, Emily. Come along."

"No—no."

"Jack can take care of himself, I tell you. Come along."

Half-persuading, half-dragging, Harry got them away from Jack.

Now the latter was no sooner freed from their embarrassments, than the youthful scamp who had insulted little Emily, made a rush at Jack before he could recover himself sufficiently to be upon his guard, and dropped in two stinging blows which half staggered him.

"That will teach you to—" he began.

He began.

But he hadn't time to finish it.

Young Jack was at him like a lion, and he "forced the pace" as sporting people say, so hard, that the adversary retreated before him half-a-dozen paces, guarding somewhat wildly.

But young Jack was not to be denied.

He pulled up short, and sparred a bit.

And then leaving an opening just to coax his man on, he feinted with his left, and shot out his right like a steam hammer.

It went right over the other's guard, and down he went.

"Bravo, old boy!"

Now, strange to relate, this applause came from the tiger.

Such an enthusiast was Mr. Chivey in the noble art of self-defense, that he could not control his admiration for such a stroke.

However, he helped his master on to his legs, and scraped off the mud from his back.

The shock had completely sobered the young scoundrel, and he saw now that he was in for a very doubtful job.

However, he was not wanting in courage.

So, pulling himself together, he sparred warily for wind.

Both combatants were skilful boxers, but Jack had received some very valuable hints from his professor, Dick Harvey, and he remembered now one valuable bit of advice—to follow up an advantage sharply.

So he would not allow his adversary to get into trim again, but boring him in, he set to work at heavy play, and landed him three times in quick succession upon the face.

He drew blood now, and a good deal of it, which frightened the young ladies, you may be sure.

The unlucky young rake was restored to the tiger for his care and attention.

"I think that he has had enough, Jack," said Harry Girdwood.

"I hope you're not much hurt?" said Jack.

The other made no reply.

"Apologize to the young ladies," said Jack, "and there'll be an end to the matter."

"You be hanged!" cried the half-beaten young rake; "I'll smash you yet."

"Well," said Jack, coolly, "you force it on yourself, so it's no fault of mine. Now, I'm ready to thrash you again."

"Oh, Jack," cried little Emily, in great distress, "don't hurt him again; look how dreadful he looks."

This goaded the object of her solicitation to fury.

"You want to get him away now, do you—you—you—you—"

"If you forget yourself before the ladies," said Harry Girdwood, "you'll get more than you bargained for."

"Why don't you come and help him?"

"He don't want any assistance," said Harry. "My friend Jack is enough for you."

"See the girls home, Harry," said Jack, "and then come back if you like."

"All right."

Harry took them each by the arm and forced them away.

"This is not a sight for young ladies," he said:

"come—come. Jack can take care of himself."

In this way he got them some little distance.

And then seeing that it was no use to oppose further, they effected a compromise.

"We'll go, Harry," said Emily, "if you'll stay."

"Very well."

"But see that Jack doesn't get into any harm."

"I will."

"Go back, then."

"All right."

"Now—now."

"Very well; but you go home."

"We will—we will; but get back."

Harry waited a bit to see them on their way, and when, casting lingering looks behind toward the scene of the fray, they had got some twenty or thirty paces, he went back to rejoin his comrade.

It was just time.

Jack's adversary had closed with him, and the tiger Chivey, profiting by the absence of spectators, was pounding away at Jack's head and back as hard as he could.

"Halloo!" cried Harry, rushing up; "that's a nice way of fighting. Drop that, you scamp!"

He seized Mr. Chivey by the collar and dragged him off, and then he kicked him viciously in the rear.

This he continued until he was tired out, in spite of the tiger's struggles.

Chivey had reason to remember this.

"A low beast of a fellow," the tiger said subsequently to his master; "my back's like a stained-glass window, I know. He wears boots like a navvy."

* * * * *

Young Jack could take a good lot of punishment, and it appeared to have very little effect upon him, for he dropped into the work again as fresh as ever.

He popped in the blows in such quick succession, that his adversary was fairly knocked out of time.

He guarded wildly, and swung his arms about, leaving young Jack to do pretty well as he liked with him now.

"Will you apologize?" demanded Jack.

"No."

"Take that, then."

Down went the ill-advised young rake as flat as a flounder.

"That's cooper," cried Chivey, dropping on to his knees beside his master; "you may consider as I've chucked up the sponge."

"Does he apologize?" demanded Jack.

"Yes," responded the vanquished adversary, in a faint voice.

"All right," said young Jack, all his enmity vanishing upon the instant. "What can I do for you? There's my hand."

"Keep it," returned the beaten youth, sullenly, "keep it until I take it out of you when I'm in condition; you shall get it yet. I'll have my revenge on you."

"Brute!" said Harry Girdwood; "you deserve your licking."

"If you want me," said Jack, tossing down a card, "you will always find me at that address; my name's Young Jack Harkaway."

"The deuce it is," exclaimed the tiger; "here's a go."

And he whispered something to his master.

CHAPTER V.

JOVIAL CAPTAIN ROBINSON—MR. CHIVEY, THE TIGER, VISITS HIS MASTER'S FATHER.

NEITHER young Jack nor Harry noticed the tiger's whisper to his master.

And so, without paying any more attention to master or man, our two companions made their way after little Emily and Paquita.

And young Jack had not a trace of his late encounter to take home with him.

Brave young Jack.

Young Jack was precious lucky to escape this tussle without so much as a mark to take home with him.

When he got back, he was met at the door by little Emily and Paquita, whose expression denoted how much they had really suffered in anxiety for his safety.

"What a bad, rash boy you are," said Emily; "how dare you go fighting like that?"

"Now, I appeal to anyone," replied young Jack. "Was it my fault?"

"But fighting in the streets is not gentlemanly."

"I know that," returned young Jack, "but I couldn't get out of it—you wouldn't have me turn around and run away, especially from such a miserable worm as that."

"Of course not, Jack."

And her looks showed plainly enough that she had too much of her parents' spirit in her to wish such a thing.

Her looks, too, showed unbounded admiration for her champion.

"I've got news for you, Jack," she said, presently.

"Good news?"

"Yes."

"What is it?"

"Guess."

"Captain Robinson has arrived," guessed Jack.

"That's it. Why, you're a conjurer. How did you guess?"

"I expected Captain Robinson, that's all."

Captain Robinson came, and a jovial red-faced skipper he looked.

And his manner was perfectly in keeping with his appearance.

A hearty, taking way he had that won every heart.

"The *Albatross*!" he exclaimed, when questioned by Harkaway as to the merits of his vessel; "I only wish that there was a thousand such craft afloat in these waters, none of your flash-looking rakish craft, but a downright solid-built Englishman—one of the float-while-there's-a-plank-left-sort, and never say die."

Mrs. Harkaway made no reply.

"And what do you think of the *Albatross*, young gentlemen?" said the skipper to Harry and young Jack.

"Can't give an opinion yet, captain," answered the latter, "until she arrives."

"What?"

"Let us see her first, sir," said Harry, "and then we'll give an opinion."

"Why," exclaimed the captain, "surely you don't mean that you have been to see her?"

"Couldn't very well, not knowing what part of the world she is in," answered young Jack.

"Well, I suppose that she is about a mile from there, riding at anchor, and waiting to welcome us."

"You don't say that?"

"Don't I?" said the captain, shortly; "I thought I did."

"I'll go on board to-morrow, Captain Robinson," said the young Jack, "with your permission."

"Of course you shall," returned the bluff captain; "and as many more of you as like to."

"I'll go too, then," said Dick.

"Welcome."

"And I."

"Welcome again, say I; and welcome all around."

And so it was settled that a party should be made up to visit the ship.

Every one about was charmed with this model skipper, so bluff and hearty was he.

"A bold and good sailor, I should think," said Dick.

And this opinion was re-echoed by one and all.

* * * * *

Mr. Murray, the owner of the *Albatross* among others, was in trouble.

He had one son, as he has already mentioned himself incidentally, and this son occasioned an endless amount of trouble.

Mr. Murray knew that his scapegrace boy was somewhere about in the neighborhood, and he sought for him far and wide.

But there was no luck.

"There is nothing for it," he said, "but to wait until he has spent his last money, and then we shall see him. He always calls when the funds run low."

But this time the scapegrace boy did not call.

He sent.

His messenger was his friend, his confidant, and his tiger.

"Well, Mr. Chivey," said Mr. Murray, in his severest manner; "what do you want?"

"Guvnor sent me, sir," replied Mr. Chivey, touching his forehead by way of salute.

"The governor!" exclaimed Mr. Murray, in disgust: "do you mean my son?"

"Yes, sir, jest so."

"Then why don't you say my son?" exclaimed Mr. Murray, testily.

"Because he ain't my son," replied Chivey, with great promptitude.

"Bah!"

"Eh?"

The tiger's manner was most aggravating, and Mr. Murray lost his temper.

"Be off," he said, "and send your master to me."

"Can't, sir."

"Can't?"

"No, sir."

"Be off, you scoundrel. You shall not stay in my service any longer. Get out; I loathe the sight of you."

"Very sorry, sir, I assure you," returned Chivey, "but I'm not in your service, sir; I'm in the guvnor's."

"Send my son here."

"He can't come."

"Why not?"

"He's on his back; got on a couple o' poultices and tincture of arniky all over."

"Tincture of what?" exclaimed Mr. Murray.

"Arniky," answered Mr. Chivey; and with a pitying air, he added: "You don't know what arniky is? Why, it's a sort of lotion you put on to bruises and such."

"What on earth do you mean? Is my son ill? Has he met with an accident?"

"Why, no, you can't call it an accident, exactly," answered Chivey, coolly, while Mr. Murray was foaming; "he asked for it, and he got it, too; in fact, sir, he got more than he wanted."

"Got what?"

"A licking, sir—about as neat a licking as you ever see—a proper cove the other, a regular proper, I might say, sir, with two p's—he—he! excuse my little joke—he propped the guvnor all over. Ding-dong! one on the smeller. Tick-tick, bunged up the left peeper. Tap-tap, it came—postman's knock, here, there, and where'll you have it next, my boy?"

Mr. Murray groaned.

"This animal will drive me mad!"

"Animal!" iterated Mr. Chivey, raising his shirt collar; "come, now, I say—"

"You idiot!"

"Compliments pass when gentlefolks meet."

"Where is my son?"

"Here's his address, sir."

The tiger handed Mr. Murray a very dirty card, upon which was written his master's address.

"Say I'll call."

"Very good, sir; shall I take any tin to the guvnor, sir?"

"Say I'll call."

"Yes, sir, I heard."

"Get out."

"D'rectly, sir; but you really ought to have seen him at it. Lor'! it would have made you jump for joy—such slogging, and the guvnor ain't bad with his fives either. But he wasn't in training like the other; the proper cove, I mean. The guvnor he liquors-up too much, and that's a fact—makes you puffy, you know—the worst thing in the world for a chap in training; you ought to be right off your lotion. But, Lor'! sir, you might as well talk to the deaf and dumb school as to Master Herbert—play!"

He broke off abruptly to catch a boot which Mr. Murray, now thoroughly exasperated, hurled at him.

He placed the boot down on the floor with great deliberation, bowed to Mr. Murray, and hitching up his collar, walked to the door.

"Nice boot, sir; good morning, sir; I'll tell the guvnor you're coming."

CHAPTER VI.

JOVIAL CAPTAIN ROBINSON AGAIN—STRANGE REVELATIONS—CAPTAIN ROBINSON'S LEECH AND HOW IT BEGAN TO SUCK BLOOD—FATHER AND SON—YOUNG HOPEFUL'S RESOLVE—THE "ALBATROSS" SAILS TO-MORROW.

"CAPTAIN ROBINSON, sir," said Mr. Murray's servant.

"Let Captain Robinson come in," said Mr. Murray.

The captain entered.

He was not quite so jovial as he had shown himself upon his introduction to the Harkaways, and he went with his owner into business at once, with scarcely so much as the usual greetings.

"The *Albatross* must sail to-morrow night," he said.

"And why must, Captain Robinson?" asked the owner.

"Because the Harkaways and their friends are just about as cute as people say, and unless you want the whole game blown, we had better get off."

"Bah!" returned Mr. Murray, contemptuously; "you make a grand mistake; their confidence is unbounded, I tell you—unbounded!"

"Is it?"

"Of course."

"Then they made some very curious remarks about the depth of water in the hold for one thing."

"That's your fault, then; you ought to have had the pumps going up to the very moment they went on board."

"So I had, but damme, the water gets in too fast by a long way, for I couldn't keep it under by hook or by crook. Besides, I've got a new passenger, an awful rich Cockney, and I want to get off before he can hear any ugly tales."

"What's his name?"

"Figgins."

"A retired grocer?"

"That's the party. Well, he's going to dub up handsome, and to take out a whole cargo of good things, so that I don't want to risk spoiling him, by no manner of means."

"Very well, Robinson," said the shipowner; "only mind you don't spoil the very thing you are trying after."

"How?"

"By raising suspicions through undue haste."

"No fear of that."

"When do you go on board?"

Captain Robinson stared at his owner.

"Didn't you hear me? I said, when do you go on board?"

"What for?"

"To take command."

"Why, you don't suppose for a minute that I mean going on board the *Albatross*?"

"Not going!" exclaimed Mr. Murray. "Why, how on earth, then, can she start?"

"Why, I set too big a price upon my precious carcass, to trust myself on such a rotten old tub. Why, she's as full of holes as a collender."

"But they have been caulking and painting this week past."

"Ay, up above the water-line. But let her get into a bit of sea and it will wash away as clean as a whistle, and in'll come the water by the bucketful—ay, by the barrelful."

"You exaggerate the danger, I am sure."

"Devil a bit," returned Captain Robinson, "and none knows it better than you—"

"Sir!"

"Come—come, no swarming politeness with me, if you please. Why, who knows all about it better—"

"The *Albatross*, sir—" began Mr. Murray.

"Is a lovely craft—on paper—a splendid ship for the underwriters. However, we're only wasting time by going into that."

"Why on earth did you lead me to suppose you accepted the command, then?"

"Why? I never led you to suppose I was going. I've got a substitute all right and tight, and I shall be taken ill at the last moment, d'ye see?"

"Who is this substitute?"

"A pal of mine, who's in trouble, and can't show up until the last moment."

"But if the *Albatross* is not under skillful command, she'll founder before she gets out of sight of land—"

Mr. Murray pulled up short.

He had said too much.

He would have given something to recall those words. Too late.

Captain Robinson leered at the owner significantly.

"You needn't fear nothing about that. Joe Deering is as good a seaman as ever sailed, only he has got into an awkward mess, and must get away, or he'll be lodged in limbo in a brace of shakes—just the fellow for a forlorn hope."

Mr. Murray winced.

"Be more choice in your expressions, Captain Robinson," he said.

"Well, that's just what it is, neither more nor less; a forlorn hope. But there, it's no use arguing. Would you like to take a voyage in the *Albatross*?"

"I?"

"No, you would not, of course. No sane man would, if he knew as much as you and I know."

"But frankly, Captain Robinson, disguise apart, you think that the *Albatross* is—"

"Fated? Yes, that's the word. She'll go to the bottom of the sea like a stone, and you'll land a big plum in the way of insurance, and I shall come in for my little bit as captain."

"I don't see that."

"I do, though."

"But, if you don't go—"

"Then I should consider it my duty to society to show you up."

Bland Mr. Murray smiled.

"You forget, captain, that that is a proceeding which would cut both ways."

"Not it. Catch a weasel asleep, and shave his

eyebrows. I've got the ground all thoroughly prepared for myself."

"How?"

"By those letters I wrote, warning you."

"I never received any."

"I can't help that," answered the jovial captain. "I wrote 'em, and had 'em duly witnessed, and copied in a letter book, and if you pretended that you'd never received them, why, who on earth would believe you? Besides, my refusal to go is quite enough, else why did you engage Captain Joe Deering?"

"I never engaged him."

"Who did, then?"

"You."

"Get along with you. Joe Deering will never come back to say that, and you might talk till you was pea-green without getting anybody to listen to it."

"But I—"

"Bah, sir! You try it on with a jury when you like."

Mr. Murray gasped.

"Well, sir?"

"Well, then," said Captain Robinson, in his old jovial style, "it is understood. The *Albatross* sails to-morrow?"

"I suppose so."

Mr. Murray was beaten.

The villainous captain got a little money on account, and left his owner, smacking his pocket with an evident air of satisfaction.

He had reason to."

* * * * *

"That's the first of a series," said Captain Robinson. "I couldn't have hit upon a better thing; I have only got to apply my leech, and I'll bleed the old rascal as often as I like."

And the villain walked off, looking the very picture of good nature.

* * * * *

Mr. Murray visited his scapegrace son.

He found him in bed, bandaged and swathed in lint and arnica, precisely as the Cockney tiger had stated.

His eyes were both discolored in spite of all the remedies which had been applied.

Young Jack's handiwork was not like some of those cheap printed calicoes we hear about.

His were fast colors.

Herbert Murray's nose was swollen to about thrice its normal dimensions, and his lips were as thick as a negro's.

He rued the rashness bitterly that had tempted him into an encounter with the son and heir of the Harkaways.

"Well, Master Herbert," said his father, sternly, "this is a pretty affair."

"It's no use bullying," responded the young hopeful. "I did all I knew to knock him out of time, but he was too quick, and nothing hurts him."

"Hurt him!" said the ship owner, looking up to the ceiling with an injured air; "it hurts me far more than you."

"I'd bet a penny it doesn't," responded his son, "and chance it. Chivey shall hold the stakes."

"Chivey is ready and willin'," said the tiger, holding out his palm. "Perhaps your governor will make it a fiver."

"Cease this levity," said Mr. Murray. "Who is it you have been fighting with?" he continued, turning to his son.

"What's his name, Chivey?" demanded the patient.

"Young Jack Harkaway, sir, and a stunner at a game stand-up fight," said the tiger.

"Harkaway!" exclaimed the shipowner; "you don't mean it."

"I do."

"Why, this young Harkaway is going out in my ship, the *Albatross*, or he was going—of course, now that he has been fighting with you, it's all over, and I shall lose a very handsome sum. Besides which, the fact of Mr. Harkaway's son going out in the *Albatross* inspired confidence. It brought me passengers and freights better than any advertisement we could have hit upon. You young ruffian, you have spoilt me completely."

"Wait a bit, dad—wait a bit," said the patient.

He struggled to raise himself up into a sitting posture, and succeeded, but groaned the while at the anguish of his bruises.

"Going out in your ship, you said."

"Yes."

"That's the ticket," observed Chivey.

"He was going; but this disgraceful affair will of course spoil it," said Murray.

"I don't see that," responded Herbert.

"Nor I, my noble governor," said Chivey.

"Silence, fellow," said the shipowner, turning round.

"Mum's the word," responded the tiger, clapping his hand over his mouth so as to make it pop.

"He didn't know me from Adam," said Herbert Murray.

"Are you sure?"

"Yes."

"That's better. I breathe again."

"Look here, dad," said the patient; "you've often said that I was a good-for-nothing lot."

"I said the bare truth."

"Well, then, I'll tell you what. You've often said you wanted to get me away from this place and from bad associates."

"I have."

"Let me go to sea."

"You!"

"Yes; why not?"

"When—when?"

"In the *Albatross*."

Mr. Murray started back as though he had been shot.

"Are you mad?" he exclaimed.

"I don't think so," replied his son; "ask Chivey."

"Not exactly," said the tiger, without waiting to be asked; "I am proud of him, sir; he is just about as artful a card as you'll meet with between Portsmouth and Tattersall's."

And then he shouted:

"Oh, a life on the ocean wave,
And a home on the rolling deep."

"Hold your tongue, and leave the room," exclaimed Mr. Murray.

"Quite so; quick march," said Chivey.

The patient, however, winked at his tiger to wait, and Chivey, to use his own expressive form of speech, knew his book too well to go away.

The young rake did not like being left alone with his father, for he could not hold his own so well when the shipowner took to lecturing him.

The occasional interjections of the tiger helped him out.

"Well, what do you say, governor?" said young Murray; "you have wished me dead a hundred times, I know."

"I!"

"Yes, I have caused you such a lot of worry and trouble, that you couldn't help it."

"My boy—my boy," exclaimed the shipowner, "you don't know what you are saying."

"Oh, yes, I do, and if you really want to get rid of me, why, let me sail in the *Albatross*."

"What for?"

"To cry quits then with that young beast who has decorated me with black and blue spots like this."

Bland Mr. Murray's eyes flashed fire at this.

"I don't object to your crying quits with him," he said, "only you musn't go in the *Albatross*."

"Why?"

"Because I won't allow it. Ask anything of me you will, my boy," said Mr. Murray, speaking now with unfeigned emotion, "anything but that, and I will not refuse you."

"Give me some money, then."

"There."

And promptly suiting the action to the word, the shipowner placed two bank notes in his son's hand.

"I must go, now, Herbert," he said, "but I will look in to-morrow, and if you still want to go to sea, when you are better you shall go."

"But not in the *Albatross*?" demanded his son.

"No, not for the world in the *Albatross*," said Mr. Murray, hastily.

And he vanished.

* * * * *

"Unhappy boy," exclaimed the shipowner, "he little thinks what it is he asks. The *Albatross*! I would almost as lief see him in his coffin, for then, at least, I should know the end of him. But there I should not know what sufferings might be in store for him. My poor boy! My poor boy!"

And the old rascal actually wrung his hands in anguish at the thought.

Here was one who did not hesitate, for the sake of gain, to risk the lives of numbers of honest men, and yet who was filled with tenderness for his own son.

“How much do you think he has given me?” asked young Murray.

“Twenty quid, governor.”

“Right. Will that pull us through?”

“Of course it will.”

“And leave us a bit to the good?”

“Yes.”

“Then what do you say to sailing to-morrow night?”

“By the *Albatross*?” asked Chivey.

“Yes.”

“I’m game,” responded Chivey, with a chuckle; “if it’s only to take a rise out of the old gentleman who was so down upon that identical point.”

“And I mean to go, Chivey,” said Herbert Murray, “to take it out of young Jack Harkaway.”

“Once alone with him on board your father’s own ship, you will be able to do as you like with the fighting cock.”

“That’s just my meaning, Chivey; I’ll be master there.”

“To-morrow we sail, then, governor?”

“To-morrow we sail, Chivey.”

CHAPTER VII.

THE ORPHAN MAKES HIS BOW—THE LAST NIGHT ON SHORE—MISCHIEF BREWING.

THE news of the sudden departure of the *Albatross* startled our friends, the Harkaways, considerably.

Young Jack and Harry Girdwood no sooner heard the rumor, than they went straight to Mr. Murray’s office to inquire into the truth of it.

Here they encountered a little old gentleman of eccentric appearance.

“Are you waiting to see Mr. Murray, young gentlemen?”

“Yes, sir,” responded Jack.

“So am I.”

“The same errand as ourselves, probably,” said Harry Girdwood. “We wish to know if the report is true.”

“About the *Albatross* sailing to-morrow?”

“Yes.”

“So do I?”

“Do you go in the *Albatross*?” asked Jack.

“Yes,” returned this eccentric little man; “although my line of life has hitherto been cast in very different places, yet I feel that I was really and truly born for the sea.”

“I hope you may like it, sir.”

“Sure to.”

“And I hope it may like you.”

“Why should it not?”

“Oh, I don’t know. I suppose you have been to sea?”

“Never—that is, never further than Gravesend—by water, and I have never been unwell. It is almost the sea there, you know.”

“Almost like the sea,” said young Jack, winking at Harry.

“And you didn’t feel at all sea-sick, sir?” asked Harry.

“Not a bit—not a bit.”

The two boys elevated their eyebrows, expressive of great wonderment.

“Then there is no doubt about it, sir, the sea is your proper element.”

“So I believe—so I believe. Have you been to sea?”

“Oh, yes,” said both at once.

“How far?”

“A long way beyond Gravesend.”

“Indeed!”

“Yes, as far as Australia.”

“Oh!”

The stranger eyed the two boys askance. Evidently he was in doubt upon the subject.

“Australia is a very long way.”

“Well,” said young Jack, stroking his chin complacently—was he trying to coax on his beard?—“it is what one may call a goodish step.”

“Humph!” said the eccentric little man; “and you are going, too, in the *Albatross*?”

“Yes, sir.”

“Passengers?”

“No,” said Harry Girdwood; “we are officers.”

“Indeed!”

“And we hope that we may be able to contribute towards making your voyage as agreeable as possible.”

“That’s very kind of you. The fact is, gentle-

men, sometimes I am very sad; my fate I consider a hard one.”

“I am sorry for you, sir,” said young Jack, “but why is your fate so hard?”

“The fact is, young gentlemen,” answered the old fellow, “I am an orphan.”

“How sad!”

“Yes, I am an orphan, but my instincts always pointed to a maritime career. My grandfather was a nautical man.”

“Oh, indeed; fought with Nelson at Trafalgar, and all that sort of thing?” said impudent young Jack.

“Why, no, not exactly,” answered the elderly orphan; “he was a species of nautical man—a kind of custom-house officer—what is called a tide waiter.”

Harry’s eyes twinkled, and he exchanged a wink with his larkish comrade.

“That settles it, sir, in my opinion; you were, no doubt, born a sailor, Mr.—Mr.—I haven’t the honor of knowing your name.”

“Figgins—Mark Anthony Figgins, late of Cow Cross, tea merchant. Families supplied wholesale and retail.”

“Dear me!”

“The name is familiar to you?” said Mr. Figgins.

“Yes, indeed.”

“I don’t wonder at that,” said the orphan, with conscious pride, “for our emporium was noted far and wide. We made such a show at Christmas, that it was quite the talk of the neighborhood.”

“I dare say.”

“Well—well,” said Mr. Figgins, after a certain lapse of time, “Mr. Murray does not appear to be coming. Suppose that we adjourn to my hotel, and leave word?”

“Where are you staying, sir?”

“At the ‘Royal.’”

Young Jack pulled a very long and serious face.

“It is a good house, I believe, is it not?”

“Well, yes; only it bears a very peculiar reputation,” said Jack.

“Dear me, you excite my curiosity,” said Figgins. “Tell me why.”

“Why, people say that—really, I can’t tell you.”

“Oh, do—do, pray,” exclaimed Mr. Figgins. “I am most anxious to know.”

“Well, then, they pretend that it is haunted.”

“Ha—ha—ha!” laughed Harry Girdwood, “that is a capital joke, sir.”

“We don’t quite believe in ghosts in this half of the century,” said Mr. Figgins.

They were leaving Mr. Murray’s office, when they encountered Mr. Mole, who was just coming in search of them.

Now young Jack and Harry Girdwood had never ceased to be to the worthy old gentleman the teases which we have already known them, yet Mr. Mole could not contemplate without pain the prospect of parting with them.

“Mr. Mole,” said young Jack, presenting his tutor; “my best friend. Mr. Figgins, a fellow traveler, sir,” he added, to Mr. Mole.

“Proud to make your acquaintance, sir,” said Mole. “Hope you’ll enjoy the society of my young friends. I assure you, sir, it grieves me to part with them.”

“So you are about parting.”

“Yes, sir, I have been with young Jack all his life, and now have to part with him; he goes on his travels without any of his protectors.”

And the old gentleman wiped a tear from his eyes.

“We were just going to my hotel to dine; will you honor us with your company?” said Figgins.

Mr. Mole was nothing loth, so off they all went. And a very jolly dinner it was.

So jolly that only a new chapter can do full justice to the particulars.

* * * * *

“Harry!”

“Halloo!”

“Don’t bawl out,” said young Jack, “but listen.”

“I’m all ears, as our orphan might say. Drive on.”

“Well, we shall soon say good-bye to our friends, Mr. Mole included, and as this will be our last night on shore, it must be a jolly one.”

“It must.”

“I’m on for a lark.”

“I’m there,” said Harry. “A lark with old Mole and the interesting orphan.”

“Yes.”

That poor tender orphan was doomed to have a hard time of it with young Jack and

Harry the last night they remained in old England.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE DINNER PARTY—THE HAUNTED ROOM AND THE RED RIDING-HOOD GHOST—A SCRAMBLE WITH THE HAIRY GHOST.

THE bottle was circulating very freely at the headquarters of the Harkaway family.

We don’t mean to imply that our young friends, Jack and Harry, were indulging; they contented themselves with plying Mr. Mole and the orphan.

To do them justice, both gentlemen wanted but little persuasion to make them merry.

Mr. Mole was on his legs for the first toast.

“Bumbers ’round, if you please,” said the old gentleman, in his most grandiloquent style; “I give you ‘The Sovereign.’”

“That’s for pocket money on your voyage,” said Harry, in an audible whisper to Jack.

“No—no,” replied young Jack, in the same tones; “it’s the seven and sixpence Mr. Mole owes me, but I haven’t got change.”

“Hear—hear! very well said.”

“You mistake me, Jack, my boy,” said Mr. Mole. “I don’t refer to vulgar dross, but to our gracious sovereign, one that we never want to change.”

The toast was then drank with appropriate honors.

“I have now to propose a toast which will be received with no less enthusiasm than the last—”

“Hear—hear!”

“Thank you—than the last. The health I have to propose, you will no doubt have guessed.”

“Guest!” exclaimed young Jack, “he means our host.”

“It sounds like a riddle, for all the world,” said Harry.

“Really—” began Mr. Mole.

“I can give you a better one than that,” said young Jack. “If a herring and a half cost three ha’pence, why is Mr. Mole like a rhinoceros?”

“Really!” exclaimed Mr. Mole, looking around him in the greatest indignation; “I never heard—”

“Never heard it!” said young Jack. “I should think not. It’s original, I assure you.”

“Hear—hear!” said Harry.

“Upon my life,” exclaimed Mr. Mole, “Jack, this is too bad, and on the eve of your leaving us, really—”

“Don’t mind, sir,” said Jack, coolly; “I’ll forgive you. I had finished.”

“You!”

“Yes, sir,” said Jack, innocently; “that was all my riddle.”

“Jack—Jack,” began Mr. Mole, “I’ll—”

“Dear—dear me,” said Mr. Figgins, greatly alarmed; “it is all a mistake, gentlemen. You don’t understand, Mr. Cole—”

“Mole, sir.”

“Mr. Pole, I beg pardon. Mr. Harkaway thought you alluded to the interruption of his friend, and so he said—”

“That’s it,” said young Jack, “you have got it, Mr. Figgins.”

“I am sure no offense was meant to Mr. Pole—”

“Mole, sir,” exclaimed the old gentleman, quite exasperated. “M-O-L-E, Mole, sir.”

“How well Mr. Mole spells,” said young Jack to Harry, in audible admiration.

“Wonderful man,” responded Harry.

“You may call this joking,” said Mr. Mole, fiercely; “but I call it downright—”

“A glass of rum, Mr. Mole.”

This brought a smile on Mr. Mole’s face.

He could never refuse good liquor, so this glass stopped his indignation.

They plied him with a glass or two, and he forgot all about the burking of his speech.

“There, gentlemen,” said Mr. Figgins, “now we are getting comfortable again. The bottle is there beside you, sir; fill up and pass it, Mr. Dole.”

“Mole, sir,” exclaimed the old gentleman.

“Of course, Mole, I do forget names. But I must bring my artificial memory to bear upon it.”

“Do you believe in artificial memory, then?” asked Jack.

“Yes.”

“How does it

am hoarse. Now do you see? Hoarse—foal—see?" "Capital!"

"Wonderful," cried Harry; "a grand system."

"Oh, yes," said Mr. Figgins. "Let's see what was it?—oh, hoarse—foal, of course—Mokes on memory is an infallible cure for my little drawback."

"Of course," said Mr. Mole, savagely, "only my name doesn't happen to be Foal."

"Pass the decanter, Harry," said Jack.

* * * * *

Both the gentlemen were getting what young Jack called "nice and mellow," by this time, and Mr. Mole was indulging in his old propensity for pulling the long bow.

"Yes, my dear sir, the day I lost that right leg, I—"

"Advertised in all the papers for it," suggested Jack.

"What?"

"Beg pardon, sir, I misunderstood," replied Jack.

"That day," resumed Mr. Mole, "I slew ten men with my own hand."

"Ten!" quoth Mr. Figgins, looking quite frightened.

"Ten."

"How dreadful."

"Glorious, sir, glorious," said Warrior Mole, dilating on his favorite theme; "I wasn't then the miserable old wretch that you see me now."

"Come—come, sir," remonstrated Mr. Figgins.

"I repeat it, miserable old wretch. Single-handed, sir, I kept three-and-twenty of 'em at bay; they were demoralized, sir, damme."

Mr. Figgins was struck dumb with admiration.

"This is a most enjoyable day in my life," said he; "most enjoyable. I shall never think of this day without associating the name of Dole with that of—"

"Sir," said Mole, rising, "my name is—"

"Norval," said Jack.

"Goodness me," murmured Mr. Figgins, sinking into his shell. "I beg your pardon. The wine is near you and time is pressing."

Time to go.

Mr. Mole was by no means firm upon his wooden pins.

"How very uneven your floor is," he said, with a hiccup, to his host.

Mr. Figgins gave him his arm, and they steadied each other.

But it was no use, and down went Mole and the orphan.

Mr. Mole was not in a fitting state to walk through the streets, and so the boys proposed that he should take a room in the hotel.

"If Mr. Bole likes to accept it," said Mr. Figgins, "he can have one of the beds in my room. It is a double-bedded room."

"Very much 'bliged, old man," said Mr. Mole, whose utterance had become strangely thick.

"Is that your bedroom?" asked young Jack, pointing to an inner apartment.

"Yes," answered Mr. Figgins, the orphan, "that ish my b-room. I mean b-droom. Dear, how very singular I can't say b-b-bed-room."

"That's the very room I was warned against beyond all others," said young Jack.

"What for?"

"Someone declares that at certain stated intervals, a huge hairy monstrosity, half man, half beast, is seen haunting the place."

The orphan opened his eyes rather wider than usual.

"What a sniglar, I mean singlar shtory," he lisped.

Mr. Mole giggled.

"It's like Re-Re-Riding Hood," he said.

And then subduing his voice to a growl, he replied to himself:

"All the better to shee with, my dear. He—he—he!"

"Hoh—hoh!" laughed Figgins.

Young Jack and Harry enjoyed this mightily.

"Ah," said the former; "it is all very well for you to talk like that, but you would not grin, gentlemen, if you really did see this horrible thing."

He gave a most natural shudder as he spoke.

The gentle orphan looked tipsily alarmed.

"Shertanly unpleasank," he said.

Here he became conscious of a certain thickness and irregularity in his speech, and he made a definite effort to steady himself.

"But you don't believe in anything so ridiculous as ghosts?" said Jack.

"No—no."

"Well, then, I shall wish you good-night, sir," said Jack.

"Good-night."

"Good-night," said Harry.

Mr. Mole was beyond replying.

He was carefully tucked up, and playing a very inharmonious tune, indeed, upon his nasal organ.

"It's snorer, dear snorer," sang young Jack, as they descended the stairs of the hotel, paraphrasing Tom Moore, or somebody else.

They stopped upon the next landing, and gave a hearty but silent laugh, which half threatened to choke them.

"Isn't it prime?" exclaimed young Jack.

"Jolly."

"What a rich treat the young and tender orphan is!"

"Beats Mole."

"Into a cocked hat. Oh, we'll have some good fun out of him."

"Let's get back again sharp, or we shall miss the oyster shells."

Slipping rapidly upstairs again, and into the lately vacated supper-room, they found the light extinguished.

Yet the reflection from the inner room—the bed-room, where Mole was snoring and Mr. Figgins was still engaged in undressing—sufficed to light them upon the nefarious project which now occupied their thoughts.

"Here's the dish."

"Hand it over."

"Gently!"

"Hush!"

Young Jack passed the dish of empty oyster shells on to his companion, who hurried noiselessly to the door, and proceeded with all possible despatch to pave the passage with them.

This done, they went downstairs, and waited in the lobby of the hotel for awhile.

* * * * *

Mr. Figgins had just completed his bed-toilet.

"What an extrorrry tale that wash 'bout wooden legs and the ghosk—I mean jost; sniglar thing I can't say jhost—kost—confound the thing! gossush shivelling in m'mouth—brungoil—mean gumboil, I sposh—Red Re-n Hood. Fancy finding wooden legs and wolf dressed up in granny's nightcap in bed jush ash you wash—blow that gumboil—jush ash you wash tumblin' in, hah! oh!"

He had scrambled under the sheets, when—oh, mercies! something hairy touched his leg.

He started back.

There, in his bed, lay a long, gaunt, hairy form, with a hideous head enshrouded in a large frilled nightcap.

Mr. Figgins gazed in horror at the vision.

Was the hideous object alive?

Yes.

It moved.

Spellbound for awhile, the old orphan presently recovered himself sufficiently to shrink backwards off the bed.

The hairy monster sat up, slowly, cautiously.

Its huge jaws opened, displaying a glistening set of sharp teeth, and a blood-red tongue.

Mr. Figgins gasped.

The effects of the wine were dispatched instanter with an awful fright.

He retreated from the bed.

The hairy monster advanced.

Figgins retreated to the door backwards.

On came the ghost.

"Mr. Cole—wooden legs—M-M-Mr. Cole! M-Mr. Coke," he stammered.

Mole snored.

"M-m-murder!" gasped the affrighted orphan. But he had not voice enough left him to give the alarm.

He tried to cry out, but the sound died away upon his lips.

Backwards he went, trembling and shaking, into the adjoining room.

On came the hairy form, that looked half-human, half-devilish, for Mr. Figgins perceived to his horror, as the thing slid from the bed, that its legs and feet were long, sinewy, and covered with brownish, shaggy hair.

"Mr. Dole," gasped the hapless grocer, "I want you, wooden leg Dole—my dear Dole, I want you badly. Oh, come to my help, or this monster will eat up a poor, helpless orphan."

The old orphan did indeed want help.

Meanwhile, the hirsute visitor, grinning upon its destined victim, like some evil sprite just let loose from below, advanced with outstretched arms.

And fearfully weird-like did it look in the long white gown in which it was enveloped.

"Dole!" gasped Figgins, his voice growing fainter and fainter. "Oh, help a poor orphan!"

The hairy monster hopped suddenly forward, and Figgins, with a wild shriek, fled to the door.

The monster jumped after him, and Figgins darted to the other side of the table.

Now he was near the chimney, and here were the bell-ropes.

He gave a succession of fierce jerks at the rope, and a deafening clatter was heard below as the rope came away in his hands.

He rushed to the other side of the chimney.

After him bounded his tormentor, with a hop and a jump.

Figgins made for the bedroom and pounced upon Mole.

"Mr. Cole! Mr. Cole!" he yelled, dragging the old gentleman half out of bed.

"Halloo!"

"Look up! here's the devil come for you, Dole—I mean the ghost of Red Riding Hood's wolf."

Mole rubbed his eyes and stared towards the door.

There stood the awful visitor, grinning diabolically.

Mole slid from the bed, and the hairy ghost retreated.

"Go and fight it out," said Mole, not quite understanding what it all meant.

"But, my dear sir, I am an orphan and can't fight."

"Come and see what it is, then," said Mole, as Figgins took hold of his guest by the arm, and together they tremblingly advanced into the dining-room.

Gone.

The hirsute monster had disappeared.

"It must have been fancy, took too much rum," said Mr. Mole.

"No fancy," moaned Figgins. "I know I saw it, a dreadful monster with large, sharp teeth."

"Well," said Mole, "you look after him; I'll go to bed."

"No—no, my dear Dole, don't go to bed and leave a poor orphan. Ha! look, there he is coming."

"Ah, yes—oh!"

The monster had been hiding behind the window-curtains, and now he suddenly pounced out upon them.

The two old gentlemen dodged away, and did all they possibly could to avoid the ghostly enemy.

But the latter was fearfully nimble.

At length, Mr. Mole was so fortunate as to drag the room door open, and out he ran, followed by Mr. Figgins.

Mr. Mole stumbled over the oyster shells, which Harry and young Jack had paved the passage with so carefully, but his wooden legs preserved him from the unpleasant consequences which his companion and host experienced.

No sooner did Mr. Figgins land with his naked feet upon the oyster shells, than it made him howl with pain.

We have all heard how a cat danced on hot bricks. Well, Mr. Figgins's terpsichorean evolutions beat the grimalkin's all to fits.

And the higher he jumped, the further his fall, and therefore the more unpleasant the consequences.

"Hah, oh!"

"Murder—murder!" he cried. "I am being cut to death with sharp flints."

Now the alarm was given generally in the hotel, and up ran waiters and porters, wildly, summoned by the clanging of the bell, and the fearful cries of the two old gentlemen.

The hubbub seemed to alarm the hairy ghost as well, for out he bolted, overturning the two frightened old gentlemen, and bounding down the stairs.

A yell of alarm came from the advancing waiters, as the hairy ghost, with long night gown on, and tall night cap on head, rushed precipitately at them, and overturning about three at a bound, sent, by the force of the shock, not less than a dozen of them falling head over heels down the stairs.

Shouts, shrieks, and cries of alarm.

Fearful hubbub.

And when this mob of falling men, a sort of avalanche of waiters, rolled to the bottom of the stairs, young Jack and his companions were just going out at the hotel door.

But before they got out, the hairy ghost shot past them into the street, his long night-gown torn to ribbons, and his night-cap hanging around his neck by the strings.

* * * * *

"There goes Nero!" cried Jack to Harry.

"Hasn't he had a lark with the poor orphan?" said Harry Girdwood; "and what a pile of waiters he has left on the mat at the bottom of the stairs."

"We had better get him home, and hide him away."

"Yes, let's after him, or he'll frighten some old woman or policeman to death."

"Mole and the orphan will never guess it's old Nero."

"No; but what puzzled me was, how you smuggled Nero into the bedroom."

"Don't you remember, that I went into the bedroom to wash my hands just before dinner?"

"Yes."

"Well, I smuggled him into the hotel just before that."

"On to the second floor?"

"Yes."

"Ha, I see."

"I then made him get in bed, and I tucked him up comfortably in Mr. Figgins' flea-bag, fixed the wolf's mask over his face, and then went back into the dining room to prepare for larks."

Verily, it looked anything but promising for the poor orphan's peace of mind, if he had to accompany these two high-spirited practical jokers on a voyage in the *Albatross*.

There they would have scarcely any other resource than victimising the middle-aged orphan.

Poor Figgins! Poor orphan!

He merits our fullest sympathy, and he has it.

CHAPTER IX.

MOTHER AND SON—THE LOVE GIFTS—NEVER UNTIL DEATH SHALL PART US, AND SO FORTH—THE "ALBATROSS" WEIGHS ANCHOR.

"JACK—Jack, oh, my own dear boy, pray don't go," replied Mrs. Harkaway.

"Why, mother, what on earth has got hold of you?"

"A horrible presentiment, my darling."

"That's very strong language, mother," said young Jack.

"Not stronger than my feelings warrant," answered Mrs. Harkaway; "oh, my darling boy, pray be ruled by me."

"Nay, mother," answered her son, "you ask too much. I have a little of your own independence of spirit, and I don't want to have to rely upon you or my father all my life. I want to show you that I am not unworthy to bear the name of Harkaway."

His mother appeared distressed at these words.

Yet, at the same time, the sentiment filled her with pride for her boy.

The old adventurous spirit of the Harkaways burned in young Jack's breast as fiercely as ever it had done in his father's.

Neither time nor altered circumstances could change it.

It is a saying both trite and true, that what is bred in the bone must come out in the flesh.

* * * * *

"Jack."

The speaker was his comrade, Harry Girdwood.

"Come in, Harry."

"Have you any news?" said Mrs. Harkaway.

"Yes."

"Important?"

"Very."

"Out with it, Harry," said young Jack, impatiently; "for goodness sake, don't beat about the bush."

"Captain Robinson is taken suddenly ill, and he can't start."

"I'm sorry for Captain Robinson," said Jack.

"And so am I," said his mother; "only I am glad that the ship can't sail."

"Oh, but the *Albatross* must sail all the same," said Harry Girdwood; "it is bound by contract to start to-night, it appears, and we must be on board before eight o'clock."

Mrs. Harkaway's spirits sank to zero at once.

"How can it sail without a captain?" she asked.

"They have found a substitute," replied Harry.

"A good man?"

"Oh, yes, a capital sailor, according to all accounts."

"His name?"

"Deering."

"Well," said young Jack, "if he is only as good a sailor as the poor fellow who was to have commanded, we can't ask for anything better."

When Mrs. Harkaway had left the room, the two boys set to work about their preparations.

These were of a most elaborate nature.

They had not only all their traps and baggage, to get on board, but also to make everything snug for Nero, for young Jack could not leave his faithful old monkey behind.

Nero had grown greatly attached to his young master, and one and all predicted that if Jack left him behind, he would pine away and die.

Objections were naturally raised to this; but

old Jack's liberality smoothed away all apprehensions.

Nero was not all.

There was Jack's boy Tinker to be got on board, and Tinker's new valet, Bogey.

However, all was settled to their perfect satisfaction.

And now young Jack had to bid farewell to little Emily!

* * * * *

Two young couples were walking at sunset in a retired suburb of the town.

They were all of one party; yet they kept sufficient distance between them to prevent their conversation being overheard.

It was a tender topic upon which they were engaged.

"Jack, darling," said little Emily, "I've got something here for you."

She produced a small object wrapped in a piece of paper, and pressed it into his hand.

"Don't open it, dear, until—until you are gone."

She had some difficulty in getting this word out.

Young Jack silently squeezed her hand.

"I've nothing to give you, Em'," he said, vainly endeavoring to steady his voice, for he was in fear of shaming his manhood, "unless you'll accept this."

"What is it?"

"My portrait. I've had it taken expressly for you. It isn't a very good one, Em', but you'll know that it is meant for me."

"It shall never leave me, Jack, day or night."

"Bless you."

"And you'll never forget this night of parting, Jack?"

"Never—never, if I live to be as old as Methusalah."

"And never forget poor little Em' that you leave behind you and say you love?"

"Never. Can you believe me such an utter duffer, Em'?"

"And you'll always wear my little keepsake around your neck?"

"Always."

She pressed his arm with a tender, trembling hand.

They had turned the corner now, and a high wall hid them from the view of Paquita and Harry Girdwood.

So Master Jack took the unwarrantable liberty of pressing her in his arms and kissing her again and again.

She did not resist, but only murmured a faint protestation.

"Oh, Jack, you've upset my hair dreadfully."

"Never mind, Em', I'll be your barber, and soon put that to rights."

"I don't mind that," returned little Emily, shooting him an arch look, "so long as you don't practice hairdressing upon any girl's head but mine."

"Never—never!"

* * * * *

"If you only cared half as much for me as you pretend, Harry, you would not go away at all."

"I can't help myself, Paquita," responded Harry.

"Why not?"

"I am not like Jack."

"How?"

"I have no rich parents upon whom to rely. I feel that I ought to cut out a path for myself, dear Paquita, not to be dependent upon the dear, fond friends who have so far adopted me; now, were I in Jack's place, I should talk very differently. But how would it look for me to remain here an idler and a dependent, when Jack was going?"

Paquita sighed, saying:

"I never looked upon it in that light before, Harry."

"Of course you didn't, dear. Look here, see what I have got for you."

"A crooked sixpence?"

"Yes, in two halves, each drilled with a hole. You must wear this half around your neck for my sake, Paquita."

"I will, Harry dear."

"And only throw it away when you forget poor me, and are going to get married to somebody better, better-looking and richer."

"Hold your tongue, sir," interrupted Paquita; "that will never be."

"You think so now, but you may change your mind some day."

"If you never come back, Harry, I shall die an old maid."

Harry Girdwood looked very serious at this.

"Don't make any rash vows, dear, pray don't. I might never come back, and I would not have

you sacrifice your life to a memory; that would be too selfish on my part."

"Hush, Harry, don't talk like that, dear."

But why should we linger over this oft-told tale?

All that they are saying has been said a thousand and—ay, a million times before, under circumstances more or less similar.

But never indeed were young lovers' vows exchanged with greater mutual sincerity.

* * * * *

The *Albatross* sailed.

Captain Deering took the command, and every movement, as well as every word that he uttered, showed him to be, as he had been eulogistically described—a good sailor.

"Hurrah!"

"Hurrah!"

"Now, then, my lads, give them one more!" cried young Jack, "and let it be loud enough to reach the shore."

And the men obeyed.

British sailors have certainly one specialty in which they distance all possible competition.

This is cheering.

Poor old Mole, with other friends, had bid young Jack good-by with a choking voice, and the old gentleman was seen to wipe his eyes more than once.

And so brave young Jack Harkaway bid adieu to his country to seek adventures, and make his way in the world with Harry and his boy Tinker.

"We're off," said a familiar voice close at hand, "selp me Jerusalem pony."

They turned simultaneously, showing they recognized the tones, and so could hardly have been both mistaken.

But in the nautical get-up of the speaker, they failed to recognize the tiger, Chivey.

CHAPTER X.

MR. MURRAY AWAITS HIS SON—HE GOES AFTER HIM, AND FINDS ONLY A LETTER.

MR. MURRAY waited.

His scapegrace son made no sign of life. So he still waited.

At length his impatience and anxiety to hear from his wild and reckless boy, got so far the better of his discretion, that he made up his mind to go down to his lodgings and make inquiries about him.

The door was opened by the landlady herself.

"Young Mr. Murray," she said; "do you want him?"

"Yes. I am Mr. Murray's father," said the shipowner, quietly.

"Oh, you are? Then that's right"—she took a letter out of her pocket. "Perhaps you'll pay my bill. He left here the night after you called."

"Left! Where for?"

"Can't say. This letter is to tell you."

"Give it to me."

"When you have paid up the bill," said the wary landlady, "not before."

"Give me your bill then, sharp—come," said Mr. Murray.

"Hoity toity!" said Mrs. Bouncer, "we're in a hurry, I should say."

She held out her bill, and he snatched it most ungallantly from the lady's hand.

"There's the money—never mind the receipt. Give me the letter," said Mr. Murray.

She handed it to him.

He tore it open and read it eagerly.

As he read, the color forsook his cheek, and he turned ashy pale.

His knees seemed to give way beneath him, and reaching out, he caught hold of the landlady to prevent him from falling.

"Goodness 'eavens!" she cried, "he's dead."

"Halloo, what's all this?" cried a deep voice.

"Old gentleman took ill; he's fainted," said the landlady.

"What does he do here?"

"He came after his son. The young gent has gone away—flew. He wrote this letter."

The policeman picked the letter off the ground, and read it down by the aid of his bull's-eye.

It ran as follows:

"DEAR DAD.—You wouldn't give your consent, so I've gone without it. Chivey and I sail to-night in the *Albatross* for goodness knows where."

"Your affectionate son, H. M.

"P.S.—Send me some tin to one of your agent fellows wherever we stop first."

Mr. Murray still remained senseless on the

doorstep, while the policeman gazed anxiously at him.

Was he dead?

CHAPTER XI.

THE ORPHAN'S PRESENTIMENT—YOUNG JACK AND HARRY FIND THEMSELVES ASSISTING IN LEGAL BUSINESS—TINKER AND BOGEY HAVE A FEW WORDS—HERBERT MURRAY AND HIS VALET COME ACROSS THEM.

JACK and his comrade, Harry Girdwood, were standing on the deck of the *Albatross*.

"Harry, where are you?"

"Whose voice is that?" said Jack.

"Tis the voice of the orphan; I hear him complain," laughed Harry.

"He was woken from his slumber and comes up again," laughed Jack, finishing the poetical sentence.

It was that unprotected individual.

And the next moment the head of Mr. Mark Antony Figgins appeared slowly ascending from the hatchway.

"Oh, there you are," he said, as he caught sight of our heroes.

"What now, my noble Roman?" Jack asked.

"Don't call me a Roman, please," entreated Mr. Figgins, in a piteous tone; "I don't feel a bit like a noble Roman; I am a poor, sick orphan."

Most certainly he didn't look at all like the renowned historical personage, Mark Antony, whose name he bore.

The orphan had on a white cotton nightcap.

His complexion was about as yellow as a daffodil.

His nose excepted, which looked like a small cherry in the center of his face.

Altogether he looked woe-begone in the extreme.

"What's the matter, old son?" asked young Jack, throwing a good deal of sympathy into his look and tone.

"I hardly know," responded the tea-dealer, dolefully, "but I don't feel very happy."

"You don't look at all well, Mr. Figgins, that's certain," joined in Harry Girdwood, with much concern.

"And I feel as bad as I look."

"A life on the ocean wave doesn't seem to agree with you," Jack remarked.

"I don't think it does. My instincts deceived me. They led me to come on board; and now I feel—oh—"

"You 'never were meant for the sea,' you feel so—so, all around your—" said Harry.

"Yes, that's just how I do feel," admitted the orphan Figgins, "and somehow I fancy I shall never see dry land again."

At this ominous opinion, his listeners glanced at each other significantly.

It recalled old doubts and suspicions, but after a moment Jack exclaimed:

"Oh, hang it, Mr. Figgins, that's too melancholy; you're in the dumps."

"Your liver must be out of order," suggested Harry.

"It oughtn't to be. I've taken any quantity of blue pills since we've started."

"You look quite blue."

"And I've got the blues, too, dreadfully," moaned the afflicted tea-dealer; "oh, dear, I feel I'm going."

"Well, you wouldn't have us stand still, would you?" said Jack; "we're all going, ain't we?"

"Yes, but the 'go' you mean and the 'go' I mean are two different things," whined Mr. Figgins.

"Where do you fancy you're going, then?" asked Harry.

"To pay a visit to—to—I forget what the nautical people call the person at this moment—but I know his Christian name's David."

"And his surname's Jones, isn't it?"

"Yes; that's it."

"Yes, Davy Jones; that's him. I feel I'm on my way to Davy Jones as fast as I can gallop."

"Dear, dear, that's very sad."

"It is; I am only an orphan, but don't cry for me, my dear boys."

"We won't if we can help it," said Jack, getting up a fictitious sob for the occasion.

"That's right; why should you? Though not young, I'm a desolate orphan that nobody cares for."

"Poor creature," murmured Jack and Harry, as they nudged one another, and sniffed violently, in order to check a rising tendency to laugh.

Mr. Figgins was so touched with these evident expressions of feeling that he burst into tears on the spot.

"I do feel very ill, and I'm alone in the world," he wailed.

"You're not the only one in that unhappy state," said Jack, consolingly.

"I know that," wept the orphan; "but what am I to do with all my money when I die?"

"Leave it behind you for the benefit of the living," counselled Jack.

"They'll be very much obliged to you for it," added Harry.

"Ah, yes!" exclaimed Mr. Figgins, "no doubt; and this brings me round again to what I want to do."

"What is that, sir?"

"Why, as I've not a soul in the world to bequeath my property to, I'm naturally anxious to make my will. Oh, dear me, this rolling ship is very unpleasant. I am afraid I am going to be extremely ill."

"Leave your fortune in favor of Mr. Nobody, eh?" said Jack.

"Oh, no; I mean to leave my hard-earned gains to society in general. I think I shall be stow it on a—oh, Lor' ha' mercy, I knew it was coming!"

This abrupt deviation from the subject was caused by a sudden twinge which compelled Mr. Figgins to grasp his stomach convulsively.

"Take me below—I'm dying," he gasped, in a hollow voice, as he doubled up and sat down on the deck, and his wig at the same time.

"Take him up tenderly, lift him with care," said young Jack, quoting the "Bridge of Sighs."

"He's only an orphan without any heir," supplemented Harry Girdwood, as they picked him up and his wig at the same time.

"Carry me to my cabin, dear boys," he murmured; "and you must help me make my will. But first give me something to comfort me. A little warm brandy and—oh!—water; and another—ugh!—blue p-pill—oh—oh! I wish I had never come to sea; it looks very nice on land, but when you are on it, oh—"

In the midst of these ejaculations our heroes carried him downstairs.

Hardly had they disappeared from view when a merry black face became visible emerging from the hatchway.

It was Jack's boy, Tinker.

Having stepped on to the deck, he stood sniffing the briny with evident satisfaction.

"Golly, dat beau'ful! De smell ob de sea very oderif'rous! conglomerated essence ob chloride lime notink to it! do dis chile much big lot o' good arter bein' shut up down below in de fowls' air."

Having thus expressed himself, he walked to the ship's side and looked down upon the water for a few seconds.

"Massa Jack smoke, me tink Tinker hab a smoke," he said to himself.

He took a few steps, but stopped suddenly.

"Gem'lam like me got no right to wait upon 'isself," he reflected; "sartinly not; what de good o' keepin' a help?"

With this impression he went to the hatchway, and called down:

"Bogey, you nigger!"

There was no answer.

"Whar dat lazy nigger got to?" he muttered to himself.

Then after a moment, finding that his help did not respond in any way, he bawled again;

"Bogey, yer lazy, ugly cuss, why you not come when you massa call—eh!"

"Ise on de way," replied Bogey's cheerful voice from the distance.

And presently Bogey himself came shuffling up the steps on to the deck.

"Why you not come quick—quick as de 'lectric telescope, eh, you dirty-looking nigger?" demanded Tinker, in a tone of authority.

"Cos him not a telescope, I s'pose," returned Bogey, with a grin.

"Den you won't do for me, dat sartin. I shall change."

"Bery good! Me do for someun' else, I desay," Bogey replied.

"What dat you say, sar?"

"Me not gwine to say it ober agin to please nobody," said Bogey, obstinately.

Tinker drew himself up and looked at his rebellious help in an indignant manner.

"You dare talk to me like dat?" he exclaimed, after a moment.

"Course I dare!"

"What dat you say to a gentleman, who am your massa?"

"Dere no massas in dis 'ere free country; all ekal—alike—yah—yah!" chuckled Bogey, with much bounce.

"Tell you what it am," cried Tinker, in a tone

of profound disgust; "you dam 'umbug, dat what you are!"

"You 'noder."

"Me?"

"Yes!"

"Take dat!"

"Take dat yourself!"

The two niggers—master and help—having kicked each other's shins, next seized one another by their woolly locks.

And then for some moments they tugged away to their hearts' content.

At length they fell back on the deck with a tuft of wool in each hand.

And their irritability being somewhat appeased, Tinker said, in a dignified tone:

"Dere, 'nuf ob dis! an' as your conduc' bery beastly and abdominal, I only got one ting to gib yar."

"What dat?"

"De big bag—de sack."

"De sack? What dat?" asked Bogey, with a kind of sulky curiosity.

"Ya're discharged, dat's what it am!" said Tinker, in a tone so hard and stern, that it almost took the frizz out of his woolly locks. "Go back to de igorant black an'mals I took yef from. Yar not fit to live in suspect'ble society. Take yar 'ook! go!"

The tremendous energy with which these words were uttered, recalled Bogey at once to a full sense of his disobedience.

"Don' send me 'way dis time, Massa Tinker," he said, entreatingly, falling on his knees; "me neber pull your wool agin. Let me 'top."

"No," replied Tinker, firmly; "it quite impossible! De young gentleman, Tinker, say yar got to go."

"I bery sorry."

"Am yar bery, big much, dam, termendous sorry?"

"Orful!"

"Yar neber do it again to dis noble Tinker?"

"Nubber—nebber!" whimpered Bogey; "not till de nex' time."

"You quite sure on dat pint? Neber till next time."

"Sartin."

"Den I forgib yar," said Tinker, magnanimously; "in token ob which, you may kiss my big toe."

He extended his foot as he spoke, and Bogey kissed that important member.

In the sincerity of his repentance he did a little more.

He bit it.

So sharply, that his forgiving master shot out his leg and knocked him flat on his back.

After a moment he said:

"You cuss nigger, I told you to kiss my toe, not bite it. Now get up an' go an' fetch me a smoke."

"Whar me get a smoke?" asked Bogey, rubbing his nose.

"What dat to do wid me?" said Tinker, sharply. "I tell you git me a smoke. Whar you get it your bis'niss."

Bogey disappeared.

During his absence Mr. Tinker walked up and down the deck, with his hands in his pockets, whistling.

In a few moments Bogey returned.

"Ere 'im are, massa," he said, as he handed him half a segar.

Tinker examined it a moment with evident dissatisfaction.

"What de meanin' ob dis?" he asked at length, in disgust. "Whar you get dis from?"

"Out ob one ob de cabs."

"Cabins, sar. Why you not speak gumratical? I tell you bring me a smoke. Why you bring me half smoke?"

"'Cos I couldn't get no more," was Bogey's answer.

Tinker gave a grunt and proceeded at once to light his half smoke with a fusee.

In vain he puffed and pulled; he could get no smoke out of it; it was cracked, and wouldn't draw.

Happening to turn around, he espied his help very complacently blowing a voluminous cloud from a piece of segar that looked very like the other half of the weed he was smoking himself.

His suspicions were at once excited, and rushing to him, he collared him on the spot.

"You dam nigger tief—you ugly, big-mouf chimney pot!" he shouted, as he shook him almost out of his boots. "What you mean to rob you massa in dis hyar way—eh?"

Bogey, caught in the act, had no excuse to offer, and at once glided back into penitent confession.

"Beg pard'n, massa, 'im no rob notink, s'elp 'im golly, 'im habn't!" he said.

"You tell lie—bominal wicked lie!" cried Tinker, indignantly. "You know bery well you cut de smoke in two bits."

"Dat's as true, massa, as one and two makes six," admitted Bogey. "But den de oder 'alf war cracked."

"Yes, and dis chile got it. You keep de good 'alf youself, you greedy-gut pig!" shouted his master, as he crammed the damaged piece half way down Bogey's throat and almost choked him. "Dere, see 'ow you like it."

Bogey didn't like it at all, and spluttered and coughed a good deal.

But at length he compromised matters by going and fetching an enormous regalia, which he presented to the incensed Tinker.

This timely atonement pacified his master immediately.

And the two niggers the next moment, forgetting all their past squabbles, were smoking together in the utmost harmony.

* * * * *

"Chivey!" exclaimed Herbert Murray.

"Sir, to you!"

"I feel inclined for a weed."

"All right, guvnor; I feel as though I could do a smoke myself."

"So you shall. Hand over the box."

"Where is it?"

"On the shelf yonder; there are two of those rattling regalias still left."

"Not one," said Chivey, as he held out the empty box.

"Some confounded prig has been helping himself," continued the young gentleman irritably; "I wish I knew who it was; I'd teach him to respect the rights of property."

"Ditto—ditto!" cried Chivey, doubling his right fist and giving an imaginary double knock in the air with it. "I'd let him have a good lump of returns in exchange for his own private smoking."

"You had better go the steward and get another box," said his master.

"Tell him to put it down in the bill as per usual, I suppose?" said Chivey, with an inquiring grin.

"Certainly! dad pays all my exes."

The valet disappeared, and in a very brief space came back with a fresh supply.

And the pair, having lit up, went on deck.

Both Jack and Harry at the time were writing in their cabin, therefore, not seen by Murray or his servant.

Almost the first things Herbert noticed were Tinker and his valet, who were both puffing away in a state of entire satisfaction.

The young gentleman eyed them for some little time in silence, and then said:

"Who are those two ugly black brutes?"

"They belong to the Harkaway gang," was Chivey's reply.

"The devil they do!"

"Yes; that's a fact."

"I can't for the life of me understand why such abominations as niggers are permitted to exist," remarked Herbert, in a tone of disgust.

"It's a great mistake, that's certain," admitted Chivey.

"Oh, it's a frightful error! They pollute the very atmosphere. Phew! I can smell them as I stand here."

"There's no doubt they're orful strong flavored."

"And they're smoking, too."

"Segars!"

"My regalias, perhaps," said Herbert, suspiciously.

"Very like."

"If so, I'll break their ugly necks."

"Quite right and proper, sir, and I'll help you."

"Let's come a little nearer to them."

Murray and his valet approached the niggers.

"How dreadfully they stink!" exclaimed the young gentleman, as he drew near.

"Oh, taller and trotters!" cried Chivey.

The darkies, having particularly quick ears, heard these remarks distinctly.

It was fully intended that they should hear them.

"Rader fancy dem gem'lams war deludin' to us, Bogey?" whispered Tinker, to his comrade.

"Me incline to your 'pinions," Bogey answered.

"What war it he say?"

"He say you 'tink drefful."

"Bery much great insult, and dam big lie as well," responded Tinker, indignantly.

"Ob course it am. Eberybody know we two ob de sweetest objec's in creashun."

"Dat's a fac," exclaimed Tinker, confidently; "gas pipes fools to us."

"Halloo! you two blackbeetles," shouted Herbert.

CHAPTER XII.

A BLACK BOY'S REPLY—HERBERT MURRAY AND HIS VALET MAKE AN ATTACK UPON TINKER AND HIS HELP, AND GET THE WORST OF IT—CHIVEY RECEIVES A COMMISSION FROM HIS MASTER AND PREPARES TO EXECUTE IT—A CHASE ALOFT—TINKER GETS A DROP TOO MUCH.

THE beetles looked around.

"Who gave you permission to smoke?"

"Neber axed no permission," Tinker replied.

"Who gib you?" inquired Bogey, in his turn.

"We don't require permission," returned Herbert, grandly; "our color is privileged."

"Color notink. We got jess the same pill-wedges as you two got," said Tinker, drawing himself up with immense grandeur.

"And pray what are you smoking?"

"De very bess 'Avannahs, ob course."

"Ob course! Black gem'lams allays has de bess," joined in Bogey, as he sent a stream of aromatic smoke puffing into the face of the questioner, and half suffocated him.

"Ugh—ugh—ugh!" coughed Herbert; "ugh—ugh, you brutes."

"Uncultivated swine!" exclaimed Chivey, sneezing violently.

"The fact is," continued Murray, "you have been purloining my regalias, you black brutes."

As he said this he stepped forward, and snatched the stump of the segar Tinker was smoking from his mouth.

"Of course, as I suspected," he cried, as he glanced at it. "What have you to say for yourself, eh, you black prig?"

"Jess dis hyar. If you take 'way dis chile's segar, he take 'way yourn, yah—yah!"

And with these words, Tinker made a grab at Murray's weed, and got it.

At the same moment Bogey followed suit upon Chivey in the same manner.

Both master and valet found themselves suddenly deprived of their choice smokes.

"Give it up, you villain!" shouted Herbert.

"Drop it, you sweep!" bawled Chivey.

They made a rush at the darkeys as they spoke.

But Tinker and Bogey, being as quick as a pair of electric eels, dodged aside, and the irritated pair only dashed themselves against the bulwarks of the ship, scraping their knuckles, and almost flattening their noses in their impetuosity.

When they recovered themselves, they found the young niggers a few yards from them, puffing away at their segars, with a broad grin on their sable countenances.

"Dese hyar segars bery much consid'able good. We smoke dem for you 'cause dey might make you ill," remarked Tinker.

"Iss, dey am good," coolly responded Bogey, as he puffed away.

This defiance on the part of the darkeys was unbearable to Herbert Murray, and scarcely less irritating to the feelings of Mr. Chivey.

"You pair of reptiles!" cried the former.

"Scum o' the earth!" exclaimed the latter.

"There's only one way of dealing with such, and that is to crush them."

"Smash 'em! knock 'em to smithereens!" joined in Chivey; "go it, guvnor!"

With clenched fists, the Englishmen advanced, for the purpose of inflicting condign punishment on the abnoxious blacks.

Tinker and Bogey could see their opponents were in earnest, and quickly knocking off the ash of their segars, slipped them into their pockets, and were quite ready to meet the foe.

The latter came sparring up in the usual orthodox English fashion.

The young blacks did not spar.

They simply waited for the attack, with their legs a little bowed, and their heads a little forward, as if inviting a punch.

The invitation was instantly accepted.

Herbert Murray and his valet made a simultaneous rush in.

The pair of woolly heads instantly bobbed down.

The blows passed harmlessly over them, while at the same instant they shot forward, head first, full butt, and delivering their antagonists a broadside below the belt that sent them flying as though stricken by a couple of battering rams.

The shock of the fall was so severe that they lay for a moment in the scuppers, motionless,

with their breath apparently shaken out of their bodies.

"Golly!" exclaimed Tinker, after a moment, as he advanced and looked down at them, "me tink we knock 'em into what dey call de 'mortal smash.'"

"Seem like it; dey not like what we gib 'em," cried Bogey.

"Dat sartin. Dey look for all de world as if dey was dead."

Bogey's face grew a trifle longer at this suggestion.

"What dey do to people what kill oder people?"

"Ang 'em up by de 'eels till dere neck's stretched long as turkey cocks," Tinker explained.

Bogey was so horrified at this idea that he made a precipitate retreat down the hatchway and vanished.

"Me go hide away," he cried.

Tinker, whose nerves were somewhat stronger, quietly relighted his segar and walked forward, saying:

"Dis shild not afraid."

After a short time, Herbert Murray and Chivey came to themselves.

Herbert had had enough of Australian savages for the present, and he said to his valet:

"I shall have nothing more to do with those black brutes. Having no brains, and skulls as thick as paving stones, it's losing labor to hammer at them. I leave them to you, Chivey; you know what to do."

Chivey screwed up his features with as grateful an expression as possible, and pledged himself solemnly to "smash the pair of them," if he could.

Herbert Murray then went below, and Chivey having armed himself with a marline-spike, went forward in search of the "black brutes."

He soon espied Tinker, who was leaning over the ship's side, placidly smoking Chivey's segar. Grasping the implement he held tightly, he approached as noiselessly as possible, and having got near enough, suddenly sprang forward and aimed a tremendous blow at Tinker's woolly head.

Had the stroke taken effect, it would inevitably have fractured Tinker's skull.

But fortunately the black boy caught a glimpse of his assailant just in time to enable him to drop down, and the blow fell harmlessly.

Before it could be repeated, Tinker had removed himself several yards out of harm's way, and stood with his segar in his mouth, with his large dark eyes riveted upon his foe, as if reckoning him up, calculating the chances in his favor in case the white youth renewed the attack.

That this would be the case seemed pretty evident from the spiteful gleam in Mr. Chivey's eyes.

But to put the matter beyond all doubt, he exclaimed ferociously:

"It's the guv'nor's orders you're to be smashed, yer darned dirty black puddin', an' by the livin' jingo, I'm goin' to smash yer."

"Am yer?" replied Tinker, with an inward chuckle. "Dis chile bery much 'blige for de informashun, but—yah—yah! golly, you big bully, you got to ketch him fust."

"I sha'n't be long about that," cried the valet, as he sprang forward.

But by the time he reached the spot where Tinker had been standing a moment before, he found it vacated.

The young nigger had cleverly changed places with him, and was now as far behind as he had previously been in front of him.

Clenching his teeth, and knitting his brows with irritation at having missed his mark, the valet made a second rush after Tinker.

Tinker simply stepped aside, and disappeared behind the forecastle.

"Ha—ha! got yer now, blackin' bottle," chuckled Chivey, as he bounded towards the mast, and having reached it, he made a slashing blow with his marline spike, but hit nothing, for the simple reason that there was nothing to hit.

To his great surprise Tinker had vanished.

"Where the devil 'as the ugly beggar got to?" he muttered, in a savagely perplexed tone.

A peculiar sound over his head at that moment caused him to look up.

Tinker's ebony face looked down upon him.

"'Ere 'im am, massa, yah—yah," he grinned, as he sat composedly astride the yard arm: "'ere de ugly beggar; cotch 'im if you can, you ugly white nigger."

Chivey uttered an oath, and clutched the implement he held tighter still in his fury.

"You shall have it hot when I ketch yer," he growled.

"Yah—yah! when yar do—when," grinned the black; "dat long time fust; come along, ugly white servant."

It was most galling to Mr. Chivey's already incensed feelings to be chaffed in this way by a contemptible nigger boy, and thrusting the marline-spike into his belt, he prepared to mount the ratlines in pursuit.

Chivey flattered himself that he could climb "a trifle," and so he could.

In his earlier years he had had considerable practice upon scaffold poles, and since he had been afloat he had been aloft, and regarded his skill as little inferior to that of any sailor on board the *Albatross*.

But there was no doubt that Mr. Chivey would have all his work to do to catch Tinker.

At all events, he had a certain amount of dogged determination in his temper that led him to try.

Up the shrouds he went, and was soon pursuing his way through the rigging up aloft, out of sight of those on deck.

The breeze had freshened, and the cranky, leaky old vessel rolled heavily in the waters, causing the valet to hold on like grim death, as the ship, in her deviations from the perpendicular, gave him a very uncomfortable glimpse of the foaming waves beneath.

But Chivey prided himself on his British pluck, and he still kept on."

So also did Tinker; but Tinker was much more at home in his aerial position than his pursuer, and seemed, if anything, rather to enjoy it.

He took delight in allowing his enemy to get very near him.

Then, as the latter extended his arms to seize him, he would suddenly remove himself.

But only just sufficiently to be provokingly close, and yet beyond reach.

Here, lying at full length, with his limbs skilfully entwined in the ropes that supported him, he would grin derisively in his opponent's face. Chivey ground his teeth fiercely.

"You infernal black flibbertigibbet!" he growled, "it's no use your trying to escape me; I'm bound to lay hold of you in the long run."

"Yah—yah!" grinned Tinker; "you hab dam long run 'fore dat, massa."

And, as he spoke, he took his segar from his mouth, and pressed the hot end upon the back of Mr. Chivey's outstretched hand.

"Dere, how you like dat, eh?" he cried.

It was awfully startling, and raised an immediate blister; and the worst of it was Mr. Chivey dared not let go lest he should fall.

A volley of execrations burst from his lips.

During which Tinker unwound his limbs from the gear that enmeshed them, and made another move.

Chivey, growling, and rendered more furious by the pain of his burn, followed.

Tinker kept himself perfectly cool, and having found a short piece of knotted rope, he amused himself by turning around every now and then and giving his pursuer a sharp tap on the knuckles.

Still the chase continued.

From rope to rope—from mast to mast, Tinker led his pursuer anything but a merry dance.

In time he found himself on the crosstrees of the main topmast.

"Yah—yah! Massa Piggey no come up hyar; the white nigger 'fraid to follow dis chile hyar," he grinned, as he sat poised on his rocking perch.

But he was mistaken.

For the next moment the heavy breathing of the valet was heard, and his face appeared almost livid with his intense exertions and his longing for revenge.

He now held the marline-spike between his teeth. His eyes gleamed as fiercely as those of an angry wild cat as he gradually ascended.

Tinker evinced no dismay whatever.

He simply shifted himself a little further along the cross bar on which he was seated.

But Chivey was not to be debarred from following. With an energetic tug he pulled himself up and was soon seated astride the cross-tree.

Quickly removing the marline-spike from between his teeth, and clinging firmly with his legs, he once more aimed a tremendous blow at Tinker's head.

Tinker, of course, dodged the blow. The iron weapon slipped from Chivey's hand and fell heavily upon the deck, at the feet of the solitary orphan, who, feeling a trifle better, had paused in the middle of a codicil, and crept up upon deck for a moment to get a sniff of fresh air.

The marline-spike almost scraped his nose in its descent.

An inch or two nearer, and it would probably have knocked his unprotected brains out.

"Good gracious me! what's that?" he exclaimed, as he glanced at it apprehensively. "It must be a thunderbolt, I think."

And without making any further investigations, he crept down again as quietly as he had crept up.

While this was transpiring below, Chivey was up in the maintop glaring at his intended victim.

He had again missed his mark, and Tinker, in order to put as great a distance as possible between his vindictive assailant and himself, had edged off to the extreme of the yard.

An awfully perilous position it seemed as he sat there.

Not that he felt it so.

Although the vessel was rolling from side to side in anything but an agreeable manner.

"Yah—yah, Massa Chivey!" he cried, defiantly, "you know better dan follow me 'long hyar."

"I'll have your life, if I follow you into the next world, you imp of Beelzebub!" hissed Chivey, between his teeth.

As he spoke he commenced crawling along the cross tree with deadly determination.

Being at the extremity of his perch, Tinker could go no further.

"Oh, golly!" he muttered to himself, in a perplexed tone, "what 'im do now?"

He looked up.

There was no way of escape in that direction, for he was already almost at the highest pinnacle of the mast.

Beneath him rolled the dark, stern waves.

Almost close alongside him was his foe, with an unmistakably murderous gleam in his eyes.

Suddenly the young negro uttered a self-congratulatory chuckle.

He had espied a rope hanging from the end of the yard on which he sat.

All his coolness returned to him in a moment.

"Come 'long, Massa Chi-ickey!" he cried, ironically; "mind you not fall. Yah—yah! dis infant hab to fish you out if you fall."

With an oath, Chivey extended his arm to seize him.

"Not jess yet," exclaimed Tinker; "dis chile off to de nex' world."

And before the valet's grasp could close upon him, he disappeared with the rapidity of a flash of lightning. He was now dangling at the end of six feet of rope, like a spider hanging by its web.

Chivey looked down at him with a look of baffled spite.

But suddenly a new idea flashed across his mind.

His eyes became full of evil light. He muttered, viciously:

"Yes, you black beast, the next world; an' I'll send you there in double quick time, too!"

With these words, he cautiously glided his hand into his breast pocket and drew out a clasp knife, which he opened with his teeth.

Poor Tinker, at the end of his tether, had watched his actions.

And instinctively divining what they meant, at once came to the conclusion that his position was extremely critical.

At once he began to haul himself up.

He soon reached the yard, and grasped it.

"Tink we been playin' long 'nough now, Massa Spiv'ey," he said, endeavoring to turn the affair into a pleasant joke.

A fierce growl, and an angry chop with the clasp-knife on his fingers, was the only answer he received.

Down he glided again, maimed and bleeding.

"You coward! you big sneaking white d—m coward!" cried the boy, Tinker, as he looked up at the livid face of his adversary.

"You dirty nigger!" returned Chivey, with a semi-sarcastic smile; "I'm goin' to send you where such cattle always go!"

Just at that moment the ship gave a fearful lurch.

Chivey severed the cord with a slash of his knife.

Then with a wild cry of horror the hapless Tinker fell through the air over and over into the dark, deep waters.

Bogey heard the cry of his master.

But his fate had been so quickly accomplished Bogey knew not what had befallen him.

As the *Albatross* rolled on her way, no trace of poor Tinker could be seen.

He was gone, indeed—it seemed—to the next world.

CHAPTER XIII.

BOGEY RECEIVES A SPECTRAL VISITATION FROM AN OLD FRIEND, WHO EXPLAINS VARIOUS MATTERS, AND ARRANGES A LITTLE PLOT FOR MR. CHIVEY'S EXPRESS BENEFIT.

CHIVEY, having accomplished his dastardly act, descended from the rigging, cautiously. No one had seen him go up. No one saw him come down.

Consequently no one suspected the deed he had committed up aloft.

Having reached the deck, the half groom, half valet, hurried below at once, and joined his master in his cabin.

With much exultation he informed the latter of what he had done.

Herbert Murray received the tidings with equal satisfaction.

Not only was his revengeful spirit gratified at Tinker's destruction, but he rejoiced at the thought of the power it would give him over his servant.

Chivey would now be a mere tool in his hands.

"Devilish well managed!" he cried, approvingly; "pity you couldn't have served the other black brute in the same manner."

"I'll do that yet," promised Chivey; "I'll pickle him in brine at the first opportunity."

"Do so," replied his master; "what are the lives of a pair of dirty niggers? Something less than nothing at all. Bring out the brandy, Chivey, and let's have a smoke."

The liquor and segars were produced.

Not the slightest compunction or remorse oppressed them.

The fact that they were at that moment chargeable with the crime of murder did not intrude itself upon their minds.

It was only a dirty nigger that had been suddenly despatched into eternity—what was that? Less than nothing. And so they smoked and drank to their hearts' content.

* * * * *

But there was one on board whose mind was ill at ease.

This one was Bogey.

Young Jack was also dreadfully concerned about his boy Tinker, and caused every search to be made for him.

The general opinion was that the young negro had paid—not for peeping—but climbing; and that, in his gambols among the rigging, of which he was very fond, he had slipped his hold, and fallen into the sea.

Bogey listened to these opinions.

But he only shook his head ominously, and kept his thoughts—whatever they were—to himself.

* * * * *

It was night.

Bogey feeling in particularly depressed spirits, young Jack had given him permission to retire to his bunk early; but he could not sleep.

The ship rolled heavily, and he lay listening to her creaking timbers, that sounded like the wailings of someone in pain.

Thinking, as he lay, of his lost comrade; wondering what had become of him.

As he lay there, he was suddenly startled by a strange sound, like someone breathing almost close to him.

Sitting up, he looked out of his bunk, half expecting to see one of his white foes—Chivey, for instance—with a knife in his hand, standing at his side; but he saw nothing. And still the deep respirations were distinctly audible.

"What the dooce am dat?" he muttered.

Bogey began to experience some very unpleasant sensations.

"It notink! it can't be notink! It on'y some 'un in de nex' cabin," he argued with himself; but with this reflection he lay down again; but presently he heard a voice exclaim in indistinct and smothered tones:

"Bogey—Bogey!"

"What de matter? Bogey am all right," he cried, starting up once more in his bed, with a chill creeping of gooseflesh all over him.

There was no answer for a moment; and then the voice continued, inquiringly:

"You dare, Bogey?"

"Iss—me—hyar!" returned the young negro, his teeth chattering audibly.

"Am you all 'lone by you'self?"

"I—i—i—iss, me—all—lone by my—self. I wish I wasn't," gasped Bogey, the big drops trickling down his face.

"Dat right! den dis chile can come out."

"Who—am—yah?" shivered Bogey.

"Don't yar know the soun' ob my woice?"

"No—n—o! s'elp 'im golly 'im don't!"

"It Tinker dat am undressing hisself to yar at dis minnit."

This was too much for Bogey.

And he shouted:

"It d—n lie, it notink ob de kind. Tinker dead."

"I tell you I am here."

"If you Tinker, whar am you, den?"

"In de cupboard," the voice replied.

This fact, of course, accounted for the muffled indistinctness of the tones of the speaker.

But Bogey was still incredulous.

And he replied:

"Dat 'noder lie! Tinker at de bottom ob de sea, and de fishes habbin' dare supper off him."

Something very much like a subdued laugh was heard at this.

And presently the voice said:

"Tinker come back to see Bogey."

Bogey's superstitious terrors were becoming stronger every moment.

But he replied, desperately:

"If you am Tinker, why de debbil you stop in de cupboard, eh? Why you not come out and show yourself?"

There was a slight scraping heard within the recess.

The door slowly opened a little, and a black, woolly head was thrust out.

In the dim light of the ship's lantern, Bogey at once recognized his comrade's well-known features.

"Iss—iss, you am Tinker," he exclaimed; "dere not de least doubt on dat point."

The door swung open wider at this juncture, and Tinker with one stride stepped forth, and stood before his comrade.

There was something in his manner that impressed Bogey as strange.

Perhaps Tinker, in his love of mischief, was acting a part.

At all events, his help was still a prey to his fears.

"Am you de real Tinker, or am you a member ob de land ob sperrits?" he asked.

"I'm de real Tinker, ole hoss, and dere no sperrits about me. Wish dere war."

Encouraged by this assurance, Bogey sprang from his bed, and grasped his comrade by the hand.

To his great joy he found him real flesh and blood.

"Oh, golly—golly!" he cried, excitedly, "dis berry won'ful, bery straw'bry won'ful. Dey say you slip from de rope, and fall into de sea."

"So I did fall into de sea. But Massa Chivey cut de rope fust, wid him knife," explained Tinker.

"He big bla'guard. But how you get back agin hyar den?"

"Him swim to de ship's side, lay hole ob rope, pull hisself up, get through the cabin winder."

"An' ide yourself in the cupboard?"

"Iss."

"Why did you 'ide, eh?"

"Want to serve out Massa Chivey, dat why. Lectrify 'im out ob his 'leben senses."

Bogey looked at his comrade inquiringly.

"'Ow you do dat?"

"Pear afore 'im in de middle ob de night. He tink me ghost of murdered Tinker! Gib 'im de 'orror's orful," said Tinker, in an awfully deep and impressive tone.

Bogey grinned from ear to ear.

"Golly, dat good! Dat fuss-rate good," he exclaimed.

"Me rader tink it am," said Tinker, complacently.

"But 'ow you gwine to manidge 'bout de ghost?" Bogey asked.

Tinker grinned and winked, and his head nodded like a Chinese image, as he chuckled in reply:

"Dis chile know all 'bout it."

"But this chile don't know notink; an' 'im want to know bery much."

Suddenly he exclaimed:

"Me got it—de hidear."

"What am it, eh?"

"Why, fust you git under Massa Chivey's bed."

"Top bit; got to git into Massa Chivey's cabin fust, 'fore 'im git under de bed," grinned Tinker; "'ow me git dare?"

"Through de door ob course," said Bogey, looking rather indignant at the simplicity of the question.

"S'pose de door be locked," said his comrade, knowingly; "what den?"

Bogey scratched his head again fretfully.

"Dunno' any oder way den," Bogey replied.

"Den I show you," said Tinker; "look hyar!"

As he spoke, he went into the cupboard.

His comrade followed eagerly.

"You see de boards there?" continued Tinker, as he pointed to the back.

"Iss, me see 'em."

"Bery good; den behind dare Massa Chivey's cabin."

"Am it, though?"

"Iss—well, dem boards moves."

"Golly! does 'em?"

Tinker pushed aside a panel, which slid along in a groove, disclosing a tolerably large aperture, which was, however, entirely filled up with what appeared to be solid wood.

Bogey noticed this at once and exclaimed:

"You not be able to git in dere!"

"Wait bit; you see."

As Tinker spoke, he applied his hand to the wood, and, giving it a slight tug, it came away, revealing the back view of the interior of a chest of drawers.

"Golly!" murmured Bogey, in much surprise at this wonderful discovery; "you mean git inside dem drawers?"

"Ob course 'im do," Tinker replied, as with another slight pull he removed the backing of the bottom drawer.

The drawer was capacious and entirely empty.

"Dere," said Tinker, triumphantly; "dat whar de ghost gwine to be."

And in order to prove the practicability of this arrangement, he crawled in.

"But Massa Chivey not be able to see you in dere," remarked his comrade, after a moment.

"Know dat as well as you do," Tinker replied sharply; "but he able to 'ear me when I gib 'im drefful warmin' (he meant warning) out ob de key'ole."

"Ah, yes; 'im 'ear dat," admitted Bogey; "golly, 'im be in great fright."

After a moment he said, inquiringly:

"'Ow you gwine to get out?"

"Crawl out the same way I crawl in," replied Tinker, with a grin, as he emerged backwards from his narrow retreat, and replaced the back of the drawers.

Bogey watched this operation.

"'Ow de ghost gwine to show 'issel?" he asked.

"Open your eyes," Tinker replied, with a chuckle; and as he spoke, he pushed the panel a little further along in its groove, until it was clear of the chest of drawers, and displayed an aperture through which the interior of the adjoining cabin could be distinctly seen, and through which a not over bulky body could squeeze itself easily.

"Dere," exclaimed Tinker, as he pointed to it triumphantly; "dat de way de ghost gwine to show hisself, and dat de way de ghost gwine to vanquish arterwards."

"Golly!" exclaimed Bogey; "Massa Chivey hab de funks orful when he see you, Tinker; he go into confluxions an' kick de buckit."

"Sarve 'im right, too," Tinker replied, as he closed the panel again.

"I say, ole hoss," said Bogey, to his comrade, after contemplating him thoughtfully for a moment.

"What de matter now?"

"You don't look bit like a ghost."

"Course 'im don't just at present; but 'im will for long. Yar go an' get me lump ob chalk."

"Anything else?"

"Shouldn't mind some grubs as well, if yar can get 'old ob some."

"An' sometink to drink?"

"Iss. Go fetch old Mole's bottle we brought wid us, yah—yah! Drop ob rum do me lot ob good."

"Course it would. I git some too. As you gwine to act de ghost, it berry right and proper you liquor up wid de sperrits fust."

And with a broad grin at his own humorous idea, Bogey left the cabin.

He was soon back again with a loaf and a lump of chalk, and last, not least, a pint bottle of rum.

Tinker uncorked the bottle, and took a good swig at the spirit, which, after being drenched in the waves, he needed, if only to quicken his circulation.

He then proceeded to convert himself into a ghastly specter.

His first step in this transforming process was to give his dusky features a coat of whiting.

"Want ebber so much more, yet," said Bogey, who watched the operation with much interest.

"You not more dan whitey brown at present."

"Dat lot much too white for nigger," responded Tinker; "niggers' ghosts not white at all."

"What color am dey, den?"

"Grey, excep' when de weader cold; den dey turn blue."

Tinker, after some little trouble, contrived,

with the assistance of a fragment of looking-glass, to bring his face to a very ghostly hue.

Altogether, he performed his work very artistically.

He was neither too white nor too dark; but a kind of ashy grey, much more awful to contemplate.

Having finished this, he wrapped himself in a couple of sheets, tied a pillow case around his head, and his spectral make-up was completed.

"You look like ghost now!" cried Bogey, in an ecstasy of admiration, "dere no doubt 'bout dat. Me run fetch you big fish, den you show Chivey you come from bottom of de sea."

Tinker, as he glanced at himself in his small mirror, could but think that he was the very cream of specters; and having indulged in another sip of rum, and taken in hand a large fish Bogey brought him, he sat down to wait until the moment of action should arrive.

CHAPTER XIV.

A GUILTY CONSCIENCE A BAD COMPANION—THE GROAN—THE WARNING VOICE FROM THE CHEST OF DRAWERS—APPEARANCE OF THE MURDERED TINKER—TERRIBLE PREDICTION—THE GHOST SETS HIS MARK ON CHIVEY, AND DEPARTS.

CHIVEY had been spending the evening, as he usually did in his master's company, in the intellectual pastime of smoking segars and drinking brandy.

It was late when he reached his own cabin; which, owing to the rolling of the ship and the liquor he had swallowed, he did not accomplish very easily.

"Phew!" he muttered, as he entered, and after several abortive efforts, locked the door and dropped the key. "I've had a reg'lar good soakin' to-night. Hang me, if I don't feel more than half—hic—screwed."

He staggered to his bed, and sat down upon it.

Looking mistily at nothing in particular, with his stump of segar between his teeth.

"My mast'r's jolly good fell'r," he soliloquized; "a reg'lar—hic—brick; it's pleas'r to work—for reg'lar—hic—brick."

He sucked hard at his Havanna stump for a moment, but could draw no smoke from it.

It had gone out.

"Confound the—hic—s'gar! but no matt'r."

His thoughts again reverted to his master.

"How pleased Mr. Herbert was when I told him how I'd settled that black beggar. Ha-ha! what a chase he led me through the—hic—rig—ging; wonder I hadn't broke my blessed—hic—neck. Lucky had my knife in pocket—that dropped him—cut him adrift, and now he's at the bottom of the—hic—sea."

With a half-drunken chuckle, Mr. Chivey leaned back on his bed, and looked in a vacant manner at his top boots.

"Now for a little drop more brandy."

But before he could drink, an awfully hollow groan made him pause suddenly, and sit bolt upright.

"What the devil's that?" he muttered to himself.

He was answered by a second groan, more hollow and deeper than the first.

He looked around him apprehensively, but saw nothing.

Again the groan was repeated.

"Somebody got—hic—stomach ache nex' door—must have. What's the matter!—anyone ill?" he shouted.

Another groan was heard of harrowing intensity.

"Don't kick up that jolly—hic—row," he bawled.

"go to sleep."

"Oh—oh! me no sleep neber no more; oh!" groaned the voice again.

These words had a startling effect on the valet. His hair began to bristle.

His segar dropped from between his chattering teeth.

The flask fell from his trembling hand.

He fancied he recognized the voice.

"Who speaks?" he gasped at length.

"It am me."

"Who the deuce are you?"

"I'm de ghost ob de diseased Tinker what you killed and sent into de next world at a minnit's notice."

"The devil you are!" shivered the conscience-stricken valet, as he rolled his haggard eyes around in search of the speaker who was still invisible.

Mr. Chivey, who was rapidly becoming sober under the influence of terror, felt certain in his own mind that the ghost was in the chest of drawers.

"It's some one havin' a lark with me," he muttered to himself; "and yet how could anything

mortal get into that drawer when it's locked?" he thought.

After an instant he asked the specter.

"Where are you?"

"Dat no business ob yourn, Massa Chivey!" the specter answered, in a dogged tone.

"It is my business," cried the valet, desperately; "I know where you are, Mr. Ghost—you're in my bottom drawer, and I'll have you out, too."

A sarcastic laugh responded, (evidently from the aforesaid keyhole), and then died away in a hollow murmur.

Summoning all his resolution, Chivey sprang from his bed, and rushing to the drawer, unlocked it and dragged it out.

It was perfectly empty.

"W—w—well, s—s—elp me n—n—never!" he gasped, as he felt the drops of perspiration trickling down his back; "it is a—a—g—ghost of some one, perhaps murdered in this little den!"

With trembling hands he closed the drawer, and staggered back to his bed.

His knees knocked together as he staggered to his bed, but he was not allowed to remain in peace.

Again the awful voice was heard at the key-hole.

"Massa Chivey—Massa Chivey!" it called, "you have done a drefful murder, and I want you!"

"W—w—what do yer w—w—want?" stammered the terror-stricken rough.

"It's you I want," was the hollow reply.

"Till fetch my master for you; I c—c—can't c—c—come!" returned Chivey, scarcely able to reply, and feeling strongly inclined to shriek.

"Don't want yar master, an' me don't want you to come nowheres jest at present," continued the voice.

"That's all right," muttered Chivey, in a tone of relief; "go back to the next world as soon as possible, that's a good cove."

"No!" cried the specter, peremptorily; "me come up from de bottom ob de sea, purpose to haunt yar."

"Haunt me?" groaned the perspiring Chivey; "oh, Lor'—oh, Lor'!"

Then, in a kind of desperate mirth, he sang out:

"Tommy, make room for your uncle."

To which the invisible ghost replied solemnly:

"Dere no room for Tommy, nor 'um uncle neider."

"Do go away, there's a good fellow; give young Jack Harkaway a turn; I don't want you. I want to go to sleep," moaned Chivey, in a tone of despair.

"Yar nebber gwine to sleep no more. The ghost ob poor Tinker keep you 'wake ebery night. Him ghost close to you now."

"Don't—don't!" gasped the valet; "I—I'm v—very s—sorry, 'pon my soul I am. Hook it, for goodness sake, or I shall do something desperate."

There was a hollow laugh at this.

And the next moment a white object rose up slowly behind the further side of the chest of drawers.

There was no mistaking the grim, ashen-grey features of the specter.

They belonged to the dead Tinker, and no one else.

Chivey recognized them with his eyes almost starting out of his head, and sat perfectly helpless, glaring at the ghastly face.

The ghost, with its stern, unwinking orbs, glared in return at him.

"Massa Chivey—Massa Chivey!" exclaimed the specter, at length, in an awful tone.

"I'm he—ere," gasped the unnerved valet, wishing from the bottom of his heart he had been a thousand miles off.

The ghostly form extended its greyish-white hand, and continued impressively:

"Yar jes' got to take de wool out ob yar ears and listen to what I say."

"Haven't g—g—got any w—w—wool in 'em," murmured Chivey.

"Den don't take it out."

"I w—w—won't."

"You mind and pay de mos' particular inattenshun. I come all de way up from de bottom ob de sea to warn yar."

"What about?"

"Ob de drefful fate dat comin' to you and your massa."

"What fate?" inquired Chivey, a nameless terror holding him fast.

"You bote ob you goin' to de nex' world together."

"You mean to say we're a-goin' to die?"

"It's sartin you am; dat quite settled."

"And when's it a-comin' off?" asked the valet, with quivering lips and blanched cheeks.

"It not my bisness to name dates," responded the ghost, cautiously; "you'll know when de time come."

"And me and the—the—guvnor's a-goin' to s—s—slope together, are we?" said Chivey.

"Yes, bote togeder."

"At a short notice?"

"Yes, bery sudden; jes' as you drop me into de sea, you be dropped."

"Anything else?" said Chivey, who, having heard the worst, was beginning to grow reckless.

"Yes; when you kill dis child, him drop to bottom ob de sea, and die; den de big fish come to poor boy Tinker, and began to eat him up. Dis fish," said Tinker, holding up the one brought him by Bogey, "eat up part ob Tinker leg; Tinker not like it, so him bring it you; take 'im."

And Tinker flung the dead fish at Chivey's head.

Chivey fell back half dead as the cold fish struck him across the face.

"Dat all for de present," returned the ghost; "gib you more nex' time me come."

Chivey uttered an irritable growl, and tried to arise.

But his legs failed him, and he tried in vain.

But as he pressed his hands down on the bed, they came in contact with the flask of brandy.

His semi-brutal nature had been almost cowed by his supernatural terrors, but it reasserted itself as his fingers fastened upon the bottle.

"Ghost or no ghost! man or devil, livin' or dead! here goes," he muttered; and, urged on by an impulse he could not control, he hurled the flask full at the ghost's head.

The specter, with wonderful dexterity, caught it—not on the part intended, but in his hand.

"Yah—yah—yah!" he chuckled, with a dreadfully sarcastic grin; "it no go, Massa Chivey; notink do harm to speckters, 'cos dey corp'ral sperrits; you better take back de botle."

With these words he sent the flask flying through the air on its return journey.

The valet had a kind of dim consciousness of something whizzing rapidly towards him, which he made a kind of frantic effort to stop, but in vain.

The fragile article went straight to its mark, that being Mr. Chivey's forehead.

There was a crash, a wound, and a yell at one and the same time.

Mr. Chivey fell back on the bed.

"Murder! fiends! devils!" he roared, at the top of his voice.

Suddenly the cabin lamp fell off its nail with a crash, and went out.

Total darkness reigned around.

"Massa Chivey—Massa Chivey!" exclaimed the deep, hollow voice; "me gwine back now to de subterranean depths ob de ocean. Adoo! till de nex' time. Adoo—adoo—ad—oo!"

The voice grew fainter and fainter, and at length died away and was heard no more; but Chivey still continued to shout "Murder!" so lustily that it distinctly caught the ears of the sailors, and a body of men came hurrying to his cabin.

The door was locked.

The key not to be found.

After a brief consultation, one of the sailors unlocked it by a very simple expedient.

He put his foot through the panel.

In they got, and lanterns being procured, they found Chivey lying on his back on the bed, smothered in blood from an ugly cut on his forehead, with the fragments of the flask around him.

The loss of his vital fluid had cooled his excitement, and he answered vaguely to the eager questions put to him.

He had been dreaming—woke up in a fright—been attacked by a nightmare.

"But how about this shivered bottle, and your cracked frontispiece, Mister Chivey?" said Nat Cringle, the sailor, who had forced the door.

Chivey couldn't—or rather wouldn't—give any information on the subject, and the sailors, having bound up his wound, retired, considerably perplexed.

"He's been havin' a single combat with ole Nick, seems to me. Two to one old Nick will beat the tiger," remarked Nat Cringle to his mates.

No class is more superstitious than sailors, and

at these words they raised their eyebrows, and glanced at each other ominously.

"If so be as the devil's aboard, we'd better look out," they murmured; "it's no safe craft that he sails in."

Herbert Murray, who had strolled in with the rest, remained behind after they had departed.

"What's all this about, Chivey?" he asked, as soon as they were alone.

"Blest if I can hardly tell yer, guv'nor," returned the valet, in a pained tone, pressing his hand to his aching forehead; "but it seems to me I've seen a beastly ghost. I've had a visitation."

"A visitation? What do you mean?"

"Well, then, I've seen a specter."

"Of police?"

"No, a real live specter."

"How can a specter be alive?" said Murray.

"No—no, I don't mean that. I mean a dead ghost!" cried Chivey.

His master burst into a mocking laugh.

"Pshaw, nonsense! A case of delirium tremens."

"No, it ain't," growled Chivey, "it's Tinker—cuss him."

"What of him? He's dead."

"I know he is. And I'll take my oath I've seen him to-night," cried the valet, his eyes distending with horror.

"You don't mean that?"

"I do, by all that's horrible," returned Chivey.

"What did he want?" asked Murray, recklessly.

"He came with a warning."

"Oh!"

"Yes, for you as well as for me. For both on us. We're booked."

"What for?"

"Sudden death!" exclaimed Chivey, in a hollow tone.

The mocking smile died out of his young master's face, and he said no more.

Both master and man looked blankly at each other.

Perhaps at that moment they would have rejoiced to know that poor Tinker was still alive

CHAPTER XV.

JACK FINDS OUT BOGEY'S SECRET—HERBERT MURRAY DETERMINES TO GIVE A SUPPER—THE BILL OF FARE IS DECIDED UPON—THE SPECTER GETS SCENT OF THE FORTHCOMING BANHURT.

YOUNG Jack was leaning over the side of the *Albatross* in deep thought, when Harry came and touched him lightly on the arm.

"Jack."

"Halloo, Harry! you startled me, for I was thinking deeply."

"What about, old boy?"

"Poor Tinker; and yet sometimes, Harry, I fancy Tinker is not drowned, for I see Bogey going about with a merry twinkle in his eyes, that denotes more mischief than sorrow."

"You are right, Jack. I have noticed Master Bogey's happy, yet strange ways lately, and look, here comes the young imp; let's question him, Jack."

"Bogey!" shouted Jack, "come here, sir."

"Yes, Massa Jack, here am Bogey."

"I know you are here, sir, and now I want to ask you a question or two."

"Yes, sir, a t'ousend if you like, sir."

"Attention, Bogey!" said Harry.

"Now, you lump of mischief," said Jack, "where's my boy Tinker?"

Bogey cast down his eyes, and without looking up, replied:

"Tinker fell into de sea, sar."

"Yes," said Jack, "he fell into the sea I know; but where is he now?"

Bogey stood before Jack, and for the first time in his life felt confused.

"Now, Bogey, the truth, and nothing but the truth," said Harry.

"Well, sar, Tinker down below."

"In the sea?" asked Jack.

"No, sar; below in my bunk."

"Not dead?" said Harry.

"He's a ghost, sar, splendiferous ghost, sar!"

"A ghost!" cried Jack, "and not dead?"

"No, sar; Chivey t'ink he kill Tinker; Tinker haunt him and frighten him, and his master's life out ebery night, sar."

"Ha—ha—ha!" cried Jack. "Go on, Bogey, and have your game out, for the rascals deserve to be frightened for their villainy."

"Yes, sar; t'ank you, sar; Chivey not go scot-free. Tinker bery cleber; no catch weasel asleep; yah—yah!"

And away ran Bogey to inform Tinker that

he had Jack's permission to torment Chivey and his master out of their lives.

And the two blacks at once set about their preparations for an immense lark.

"I say, Chivey!"

"Yes, guv'nor, Chivey is here; what can he do for you?"

"I'm getting heartily sick of this cranky old washing tub."

"Same here, guv'nor; it's a reg'lar nausea."

"Just look at this cabin, what a state it's in."

"Perfect state of slush, that's a fact. Looks as if it had been well mopped and badly wiped."

"It's enough to give a fellow the rheumatic fever. See, the water is making way, though hang me if I stand it any longer."

"Don't, guv'nor. Come into my 'umble cabin. It is water-tight."

"So I will, Chivey. Anything's better than a blue mouldy crib like this."

This conversation took place between Herbert Murray and Chivey a short time after the ghost incident.

The relative positions of master and servant had been almost lost sight of by Herbert Murray since he had been on board.

He treated his tiger as his confidant, companion and friend.

Herbert Murray having made up his mind to vacate his own cabin, had his portable traps removed to his new quarters.

But even here he felt anything but comfortable.

Although the cabin was dry, it was small, gloomy and close.

"By jingo, Chivey," he growled, "I was about drowned in the other shop; I think I shall be stifled in this."

"Oh, you'll get used to it, guv'nor, after a bit," was Chivey's cheerful reply.

But his master did not get used to it.

What could he do to relieve the monotony of his existence—to throw a little life and jollity into that gloomy, dingy hole?

At last an idea flashed across him.

"We'll have a banquet on a small scale," he exclaimed, suddenly.

"A feed, I s'pose yer mean, don't yer, guv'nor," asked Chivey, looking at his master.

"Feed's vulgar. I prefer banquet; it sounds more aristocratic," said Herbert.

"Well, it all comes to the same thing in the end, don't it?" grinned the tiger. "A blow-out's a blow-out, call it what you like."

"Can it be managed?" asked Herbert.

"Dessay it can," answered Chivey, "if we can get the steward and the cook in a line to give us tick. But I say, guv'nor!"

"Well?"

"Supposing we can make it right, where's our guests to come from, eh?"

"Ah, true; the guests," echoed Herbert. "I forgot them."

"Must have guests to join in with us, you know. We couldn't bolt the lot ourselves."

"Not exactly. Let me see, now who is there on board we could invite?"

"There's the captain to begin with."

"Don't care about him."

"The crew?"

"Nor them."

"Nor Harkaway and his pal, I s'pose?" said Chivey.

Herbert Murray knitted his brows and looked as black as thunder at this question, but condescended no reply.

"Thought yer wouldn't cotton to them, guv'nor," remarked Chivey. "Well, then, there's only one more I know of."

"Who's he?"

"Why, that tea-dealer cove as answered to the name of Spriggins—or Wiggins, or something of that sort."

"Oh, you mean Figgins, the unprotected orphan," laughed Herbert.

"Yes, that's him," grinned the tiger.

"Splendid. We'll have the orphan, by all means."

"And no one else?"

"No."

"And now, gov'nor, what's the blow-out—I mean the banquet, to consist of?"

"Um, well—suppose we say, soup, pair of fowls, boiled ham."

"Soup, pair of fowls, boiled ham," repeated the tiger, as he made his notes in his book; "anything else?"

"Plum pudding."

"Ah, yes; must have a plum pudding. And now about wine?"

"Port, sherry, claret and champagne; spirits we have already."

"Yes, plenty," muttered the valet, with a slight shiver, as he completed his memoranda.

"I've had enough o' spirits to last me my life."

"Well now, Chivey, I leave it all to your management."

"I'll do it in tip-top style," Chivey replied.

"Don't haggle about price," continued his master; "as I never intend to pay for it, of course I can afford to be liberal."

"Of course," ejaculated Chivey, with the most knowing of winks. "Ha—ha—ha!"

After which Chivey left the cabin to make arrangements for the forthcoming banquet.

* * * * *

"Dat you, Bogey?"

"Yes, it me."

"Golly, me so glad; make haste, open de door, me got something to tell you."

"Am it good noose?"

"Iss! Berry much splendiforous good noose." In an instant the key was thrust into the lock.

The door opened, and Tinker, with his eyes glistening like diamonds, emerged from the cupboard.

"Massa Jack know you alive, Tinker; him asked me all 'bout you."

"That am right, Bogey; me glad Massa Jack know Tinker not dead; me hab had nice smoke and drop of Massa Chivey's brandy, yah—yah!"

Mr. Chivey found that his brandy and segars vanished in a remarkably rapid and mysterious manner.

And not being able to account for their disappearance in any other way, he was compelled to attribute it to a spiritual agency.

"It's that darned ghost!" he would mutter to himself.

And he was quite right—it was.

But he was perfectly willing to stand any quantity of drink and smoke to the specter, provided it did not haunt him with its terrible presence.

Little, however, did he dream that this supernatural being had been listening with intense interest to the conversation between his master and himself, and that he knew all about their arrangements as well as they did themselves.

It was this secret he was now bursting to impart to his comrade.

"Oh golly—golly! what you tink?" he exclaimed, eagerly.

"What?"

"Massa Chivey an' Massa Muggy (he meant Murray) gwine hab supper t'morrow night."

"Dat nuffink," answered Bogey, in a slight tone of disgust; "dey hab supper eb'ry night."

"Oh! but dis sometink," Tinker insisted, opening his eyes as wide as saucers; "dis great big 'normous supper. What dey call gran' blanket?"

"Blanket!" echoed Bogey, thoughtfully, "dat what dey put in de beds; dey don't eat blankets for supper."

"Tell yer dey do? What do you mean by contradick me, sar, eh, you nigger?" cried Tinker, indignantly.

"Nebber 'noo anyone eat blanket but boa constructor, and den he choke 'issel," Bogey ventured to remark.

"Well, den, dere gwine to be great blow-up blanket to-morrer night, in de nex' cabin," continued Tinker; "and Massa Piggins invited."

"Oh, de orfan?"

"Iss. And dey gwine to hab all sort ob beau'ful grubs to eat."

"Am dey gwine to hab any wine?"

"Iss, golly! lots. Dey gwine to hab pork, jerry, crackit, an' chilblain."

Tinker must be pardoned for his singular version of the wine list.

It being the nearest approach his memory permitted to port, sherry, claret, and champagne.

But it was perfectly satisfactory to Bogey, who grinned all over his face with astonishment.

The two darkeys remained licking their lips and rubbing their stomachs for several seconds, in a kind of blissful mental reverie.

At length, Bogey, rousing himself, said wistfully.

"Couldn't we get a bit ob dis blanket for ourself?"

"Rader!" returned Tinker, with a wink that would have cracked a walnut; "dis chile mean hab big large bit."

"Me, too," put in Bogey.

"Ob course," replied Tinker; "you help me I feed you."

"Me help, s'elp him golly 'im will. What you want?"

"Long bit ob wire, wid hook at de end ob it," said Tinker, with a grin.

"Anytink else?"

"A fork wid long handle, d—d sharp at de points."

"Anythink more?"

"Notink. You get me de ob'lisks what I bin perscribing to you and we hab regler good blow up—you see."

"What time de blanket gwine begin?"

"Eight o'clock," Tinker answered.

And then with a chuckle of intense exultation, the lively ghost slipped once more into his cupboard, while his accomplice went on the prowl for the apparatus necessary to the successful carrying out of their designs.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE SUPPER COMES OFF—CHIVEY HAS A PRELIMINARY INTIMATION OF THE GHOST'S PRESENCE—THE ORPHAN COMES OUT RATHER STRONG—SPIRITUAL INFLUENCES—SPECTRAL.

CHIVEY, by means of unblushing cheek and a remarkable facility for lying, got on very well with the steward of the *Albatross*.

Promising that worthy individual, on his master's part, a check for the entire amount due to him the moment the vessel touched land, he consented to provide all that was required for the banquet.

* * * * *

It was near upon eight o'clock.

Herbert Murray and his tiger were quite ready for supper, and in excellent appetite.

So also were two other individuals.

Tinker and Bogey, to wit, who were snugly posted at the secret panel, hungry as a couple of alligators.

Tinker had assumed his ghostly garments and whitened his face, to be ready for any emergency, and he now waited anxiously the opportunity to commence his operations.

Eight o'clock struck.

The cabin door opened, and the cook entered with a tureen.

The secret panel also moved slightly at the same time, and could any human eye have been strong enough to pierce through the chest of drawers, two black noses might have been seen at the aperture, sniffing eagerly.

"Dere de soap," whispered Tinker.

"Don't 'um smell beau'ful," whispered Bogey. Herbert Murray and his tiger seated themselves at the table, which stood conveniently near the drawers.

The chair placed for their guest was vacant.

He had not yet arrived.

"Where's the orphan?" asked Herbert.

"I told him eight, sharp," Chivey answered.

Mr. Figgins at that moment was looking for some article of dress which had got stowed away in a corner out of his sight.

As he did not make his appearance, Herbert said:

"I'll go and hunt him up. The supper will be nothing without the orphan, Figgins."

With this, he hurried out of the cabin.

"Who's a-going to wait for orphans?" said Chivey to himself, as his master disappeared.

"I ain't; I'm on my peck. Here goes."

And as he spoke, he removed the lid of the tureen, and helped himself to a plateful of savory ox-tail.

"Ah!" he exclaimed, smacking his lips as the fragrance mounted to his nostrils, "this is some think like, this is fine—stop! where's the napkin? Oh, here it is. May as well do it in style. Now, then," he cried, as he turned around to the table and grasped his spoon, "if there's one thing in the world I like, it's a good plate of ox-tail s—" The word died away upon his lips.

The spoon dropped from his hand.

He gazed upon a vacant space.

Both plate and soup had vanished.

"What the devil's up now?" he muttered to himself; "I'll swear it was there a second ago."

He looked apprehensively first over one shoulder, and then over the other, but saw nothing.

An unpleasant sensation began to steal over him.

With a hand slightly tremulous, he poured out a bumper of sherry.

"There's nothing like a glass of good wine to steady a chap's nerves," he soliloquized, as he was about to drink.

A strange and indescribable sound caught his ear, and caused him to pause, and look once more with increased trepidation behind him.

Still there was nothing to be seen.

With a fretful ejaculation he turned around again.

"Oh, hang it all!" he cried, with an attempt at recklessness, "who's afraid?"

Seizing his glass hastily, he raised it to his lips, but lowered it as quickly again in dismay.

It was empty.

"Angels an' ministers of grease defend us!" he gasped, in an awe-stricken tone, as he glared at the empty tumbler; "this d—d crib's haunted, and everything in it."

In a kind of paroxysm of terror, he made a sudden rush at the door, and threw it open, just in time to admit his master and his guest, who returned at the moment.

The sight of them somewhat restored him to himself.

"Oh, there you are, guv'nor," he said, as he wiped the drops from his forehead.

"Yes, here we are," returned Herbert Murray. "Mr. Figgins was detained by an unfortunate domestic calamity, having lost his—"

"Grandmother?"

"No, his boots."

"Poor sole!" murmured Chivey.

"I've lost all—all," murmured Figgins, in a tone of anguish. "I'm only a poor, unprotected orphan, who—"

Herbert Murray cut him short by saying:

"Let's hope you haven't lost your appetite, Mr. Figgins, at any rate."

He accompanied this inquiry with a playful slap on the back.

Chivey, who had now recovered himself, gave him another playful slap on the same spot.

"Oh, ugh!" gasped Mr. Figgins, who was startled almost out of his patent leathers; "pray don't do that; my nerves are very weak, and being only a poor orphan—"

"Yes, exactly," interposed Herbert Murray, hurrying his guest to the table; "we'll have the rest by-and-by."

"Now, gentlemen, be seated," he exclaimed, grandly; "the banquet awaits."

They all three sat down, but instantly sprang up again with a yell, and clapped their hands simultaneously to their coat tails.

"Oh—oh, I'm mortally wounded," shrieked the orphan, writhing like a worm on a hook.

Herbert Murray looked suspiciously at his tiger, then at the seat of his chair, from which a very handsome corking pin protruded, point uppermost.

With a frown he fixed his eyes again on Mr. Chivey, who was holding his hands to his back, and like the orphan, seem to be suffering pain there.

"Is this one of your confounded Whitechapel jokes?" he demanded, in an angry tone.

"No, 'pon my soul, it ain't, guv'nor," Chivey answered promptly, with a very wry face, "for I'm a victim myself. I've got the pain here," and he slapped his hands behind him.

Murray found they were all supplied with a pin apiece—and a large one it was—in each of their chairs.

They looked at each other in silent amazement.

"Who can have done this?" said Herbert indignantly.

"Well, if I must express my sentiments," Chivey replied very seriously, after a moment, "I should say it was Figgins, the wicked orphan."

"Me!" cried the unprotected one, holding up his hands in the intensity of horror and pain. "Oh, dear—dear—dear me; a helpless orphan who never—"

The look and tone of the innocent being were so irresistibly comic, that Herbert Murray burst into a roar of laughter, which was echoed, though cautiously, by the ghost and his confederate from behind the drawers.

"It was only a joke, my dear Figgins," said Herbert, after a moment; "and there's one comfort, as we're all sufferers in this case, one can't laugh at the other."

"It doesn't matter much," sighed the orphan, dolefully; "it does smart; yes, it smarts very much, but I feel I'm destined for an early grave."

"Well, have some soup 'fore you start, anyhow, Figgins," urged Chivey, as he handed him a plateful.

"I've no appetite, and I'm afraid of my wound mortifying," wailed the tea-dealer.

"Oh, gammon! that soup'll set yer to rights if anythink will. Pitch into it."

The orphan did as he was desired, and, considering he had no appetite, it was wonderful how rapidly the ox-tail soup disappeared down his throat.

"Yer find it rayther tasty, don't yer, ole Cockywax?" asked Chivey.

"Well—a—I think—yes—very nice and relishing indeed, but my name is not Cockywax."

"Well, never mind, I'll take a glass of wine with you, Mr. Figgins," said Herbert.

"Proud and happy, I'm sure."

"Your health."

"Thank'ee; yours."

"I'll drink with you, Figgins," cried Chivey, as he filled his glass.

"You're very kind, but I've just drunk, and—"

"Well, drink again."

"I'm afraid; my wound still smarts, and my head's not over strong, and being only a poor orph—"

"Oh, come, that be blowed. Drop it, and drink. Here's wishin' some nice gal may take pity on yer helpless condition, and make yer a happy husband, and the father of a dozen kids."

"Oh, horror!"

The orphan dropped his glass on the spot and fainted.

Being brought to, he asked for some port, and hoped Mr. Chivey would never say such a dreadful thing again to him.

Chivey filled him a bumper, and he drank it off.

The fowls and ham came next.

"Take a leg, Mr. Figgins?" said Herbert.

"Thank you, if you please."

"How orful purlite you are, Figgins," said Chivey.

"Can't help it; I was always brought up to be polite. My venerable parent—bless his memory!—never omitted to chastise me soundly whenever I committed a breach of politeness. I—I—think with your permission, gentlemen, I'll drink his health."

"Cert'ly!" cried Chivey, "port ag'in?"

"Port again, if you please."

All the glasses being filled, the company arose. "To the health of the dear departed," said Mr. Figgins, impressively.

"The dear departed," echoed the rest.

The orphan emptied his glass, sat down, and sighed deeply.

Then, taking up his knife and fork, he prepared to set to work in earnest at the ham and chicken.

Suddenly he uttered an ejaculation:

"Why, where's it all gone?" he exclaimed, in blank amazement.

"Where's what gone?" inquired Herbert, Murray and Chivey.

"Why, the ham and chicken," he replied; "my plate's empty."

"So it is," said Herbert, "and—by Heaven!" he exclaimed, in a startled tone, as he glanced at his own plate, "so is mine."

"And mine, too, s'elp me, wonderful!" cried Chivey, as he fell back in his chair, with his hair standing on end.

The ghost had taken advantage of the moment when the company arose, and were drinking, to slip his hand out quickly, and accomplish the feat that had such an astounding effect.

For a moment there was a dead silence, which was broken rather strangely by the orphan, who said with a slight hiccup:

"Nor'r glass—hic—port."

The wine was poured out.

Herbert and Chivey drank brandy, and then, their nerves being fortified, they commenced a search under the table.

While thus engaged, a long fork was mysteriously thrust out from behind the chest of drawers and then withdrawn quickly several times.

Each time it disappeared it carried away a bottle, which it caught by its neck between the prongs.

Before the search under the table was concluded, there was not a bottle to be seen.

The remains of the fowls had also been forked away.

"There must be a trap or something of that sort," said Herbert, as he and his companions examined the floor on their hands and knees; but there were no signs of any such thing.

It was most bewildering.

"It may be occasioned by—hic—spiritual influences," murmured the orphan, as he peered on the ground, with his coat-tails over his shoulders, and the bow of his white cravat under his left ear.

"Spiritual humbug! Spiritual bosh!" growled Chivey, who was sore upon the subject, and sought to conceal his inward fears by a tone of bravado; "you're tight, Figgins."

"No, my dear boy," returned that forgiving individual, "not t-tight, not 't all t-t-tight, only powerfully—hic—impressed. Let's have a glass—hic—brandy."

This was readily agreed to, and the party dragged themselves once more to an upright position, but only to receive a fresh shock.

The table was cleared of everything but the empty plates and the ham.

Herbert Murray collapsed, and fell back in his chair.

His tiger turned deadly pale.

The orphan looked blandly at nothing at all, and smiled.

"This confounded place is the abode of evil spirits," exclaimed Herbert, at length, looking particularly bewildered.

"It's the devil himself, and no one else," muttered Chivey, in a tone of horror.

Just at this moment the door opened and the cook appeared.

"Plum pudden, gentlemen," he said, as he placed it on the table.

Ashamed to show the man the mental trepidation they were in, Herbert said, in as steady a tone as he could:

"More wine."

"Yes, sir," the man replied, in some surprise, thinking the party must have drunk uncommonly hard, if they had emptied all their bottles,

"Shall I take away the empty bottles, sir?" he asked, after a moment.

"Ye—es, if yer can find 'em," replied Chivey, with a kind of grimly ironical mirth.

"Umph!" muttered the cook to himself, as he went out; "swallered the bottles as well, I suppose."

The events that had occurred had quite taken away the appetites of two at least of the party.

The orphan, not being impressed with ghostly fears, sat down, and began, innocently enough, to pick the plums out of the pudding with his fork.

Hubert Murray drew his tiger aside.

"You told me not long since, you had had a visitation," he said to him, in a low tone.

"Yes, from the ghost of that d—d nigger, Tinker," replied Chivey, hoarsely.

"I've heard," continued his master, "that those who have been murd—"

"Oh, don't—don't, guv'nor."

"Well, then, those who have died violent deaths sometimes appear to those who have destroyed them."

"Yes—yes," groaned Chivey, in a hoarse voice; "that's it. It's this cussed ghost that's doing all this. I wish to goodness the black beggar was alive ag'in, I'd—"

A deep, hollow groan at this juncture put a stop to the tiger's expressions of remorse.

"There he is; that's his voice," he cried. "It scares me like a voice from a burying ground."

The orphan stopped picking his plums, and looked around inquiringly.

"W-w-har-rat?" he asked, in an incoherent tone. "It sounds like a gro-an."

Herbert Murray sprang desperately on a chair.

"I'll stand this no longer," he cried, as he hastily snatched down the lantern.

The yellow flame flickered from the tug it had received, and seemed inclined to go out.

To his horror, at that instant the ham sprang up from the dish, and began to perform as good a jig as a ham could be expected to do in the air.

"Lor'a' mercy, what's the matter with the ham? I'm poor helpless—less— orphan," gasped Mr. Figgins, as he fell over chair and all to the ground at this unearthly spectacle.

At the same moment, the dish containing the plum pudding—without any perceptible means—glided off the table, and disappeared.

Chivey uttered a cry of horror.

Herbert Murray rushed forward.

A crash and a shriek was heard.

The lantern had fallen from his hand.

The ham had stopped dancing suddenly (the hook having broken away from the wire that sustained it), and the shriek came from the prostrate orphan, on whose upturned face it came down with a tremendous slap.

Consternation prevailed.

Only a faint glimmer came from the almost extinct light.

When suddenly, to add to the horrors of the moment, the table itself became inspired with motion, and began a horrible and unnatural dance around and around, backwards and forwards.

Down the middle and up again it went, as no table ever went before.

"Oh, take me out and bury me, some one," yelled the half tipsy and horrified Chivey, as he clung to his master.

"Ghost or devil, depart," shouted Herbert Murray, hoarsely, who was, like the rest, half tipsy from the effect of the port wine and brandy mixture, and he tried to kick the table.

"Murder—murder—poor helpless— orphan—murder!" shrieked Mr. Figgins, as he lay on his back and did nothing. "Somebody come and pick up a poor orphan."

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